

NOVEMBER

BLUE BOLT

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VOL. 6 N° 5



JIM WILCOX



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

DICK COLE



JIM WILCOX-

OUR STORY OPENS IN A FOURTH FORM ROOM AT FARR MILITARY ACADEMY OCCUPIED BY 'WHITEY' GREEN, 'RED' STOREY AND 'PINK' JAMESON. IT IS JUST BEFORE TAPS, AND A SERIOUS DISCUSSION IS BEING HELD BY THE THREE YOUNG CADETS...

YOU GUYS ARE GOOFY! SMOKIN' NEVER HURT ANY GUY, UNLESS HE'S A SISSY!

WHY DON'T FOOTBALL MEN SMOKE WHEN THEY'RE IN TRAINING, RED?

ALL THE FELLOWS ON THE SCHOOL TEAMS OBEY THE RULE AND DON'T SMOKE, RED.



WHITEY, THAT RULE IS JUST TO IMPRESS THE YOUNG KIDS. SIMBA, BULL MAXON AND SLIPRY SNEAK SMOKE. THEY'RE GOOD ATHLETES! AND SO DOES BARK HALL! IT DOESN'T HURT HIM, AND HE'S THE BEST ATHLETE IN SCHOOL!

HE IS NOT! DICK COLE'S THE BEST! DICK COLE DOESN'T SMOKE!

NO, PINK, HE WOULDN'T! HE'S SCARED TO, THAT'S WHY! HE'S SCARED OF HIS PRECIOUS REPUTATION! ANYHOW HE'S NOT IN BARK HALL'S CLASS BY A MILE!



Editor and General Manager—ROBERT D. WHEELER

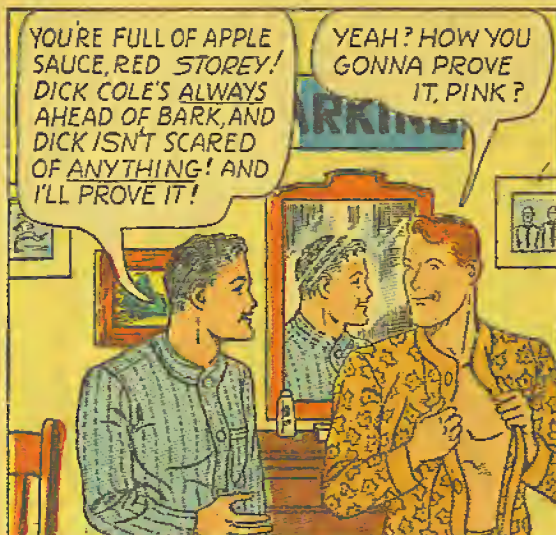
Managing Editor—JANE SPAULDING NYE

Art Director—MEL CUMMIN

Associate Editor—PEGGY ANN CROWLEY

Editorial Assistant—HELEN DOIG SCHMID

BLUE BOLT, Vol. 6, No. 5, November, 1945, published monthly, except bi-monthly, June-July and December-January, by Novelty Press Division of The Premium Service Co. Inc., P. O. Box 1198, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa., editorial office, 119 West 19th Street, New York 11, N. Y. Printed in U. S. A., copyright, 1945, by The Premium Service Co. Inc. Price 10 cents per copy. Subscription price \$2.00 per year in U. S. A. Entered as Second-Class matter, March 20, 1940, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa., under Act of March 3, 1879. No living person named or delineated in this magazine except historical personages.



YOU'RE FULL OF APPLE SAUCE, RED. STOREY! DICK COLE'S ALWAYS AHEAD OF BARK, AND DICK ISN'T SCARED OF ANYTHING! AND I'LL PROVE IT!

YEAH? HOW YOU GONNA PROVE IT, PINK?



ARE YOU GAME TO ASK DICK COLE, TOMORROW? DICK DOESN'T LIE, RED.

NO, HE DOESN'T, PINK!... SURE, I'M --- O-HO! TAPS! LIGHTS OUT!



NEXT DAY.

MR. COLE, YOU DON'T EVER SMOKE, DO YOU?

BUT YOU AREN'T SCARED TO, ARE YOU, SIR?

YOU THINK IT'S BAD... DON'T YOU,SIR?



NO, PINK, I DON'T SMOKE, BUT IT ISN'T THAT I'M SCARED TO, WHITEY. ALSO, RED, I DON'T THINK IT'S BAD. THE ANSWER IS - I BELIEVE IN KEEPING IN TIP-TOP SHAPE ALL THE TIME AND I DON'T FEEL THAT SMOKING HELPS ME DO THIS.



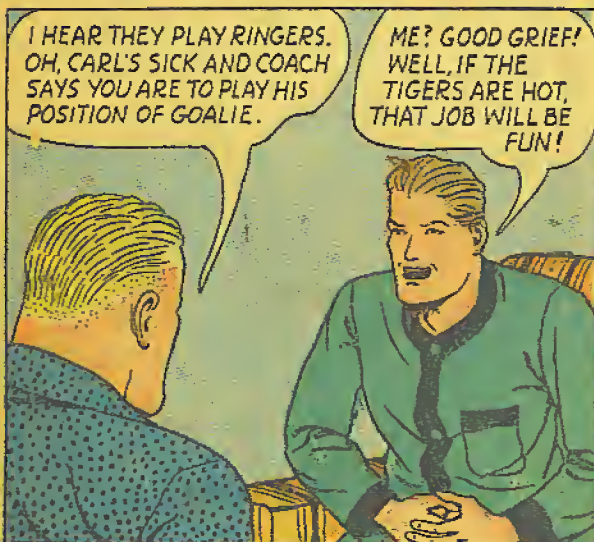
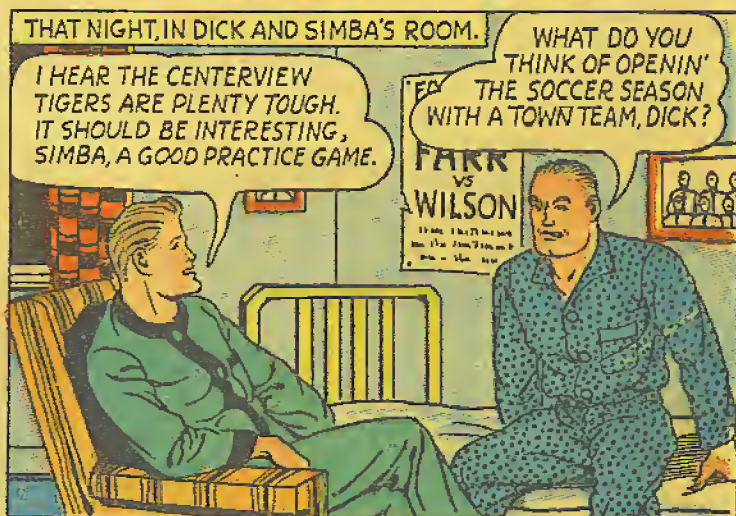
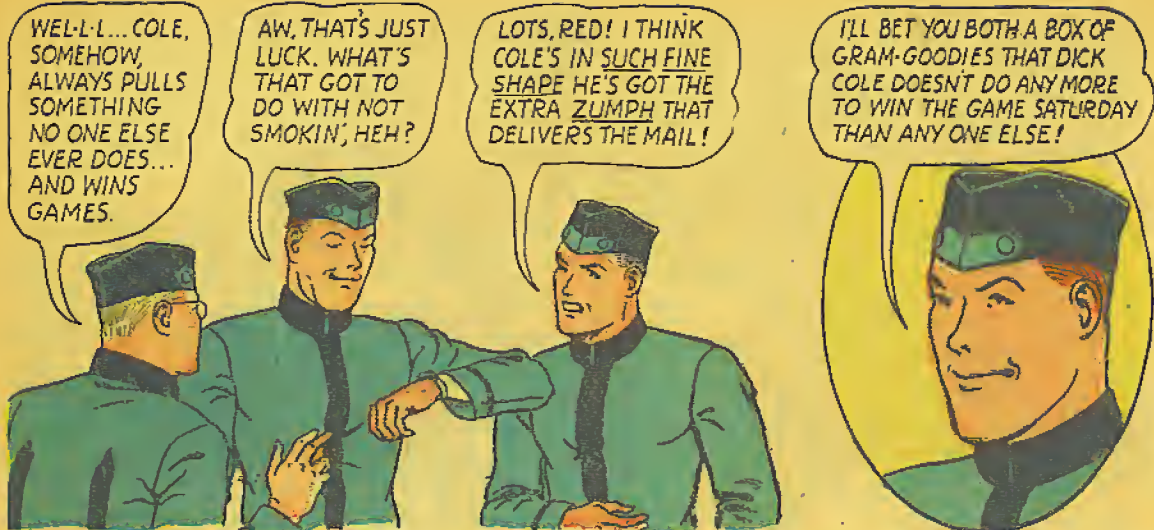
BUT, DID YOU EVER SMOKE, MR. COLE?

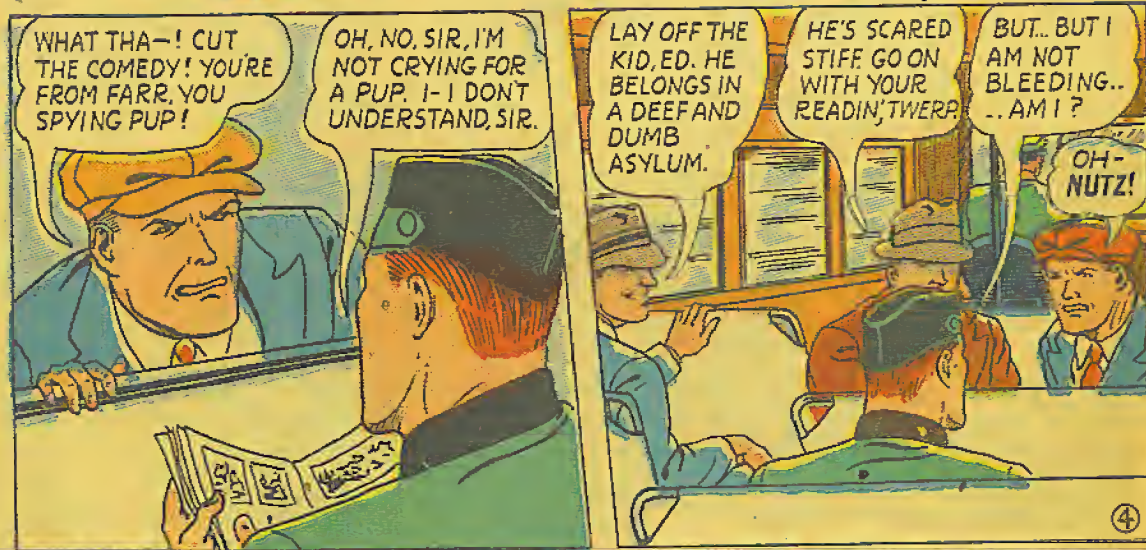
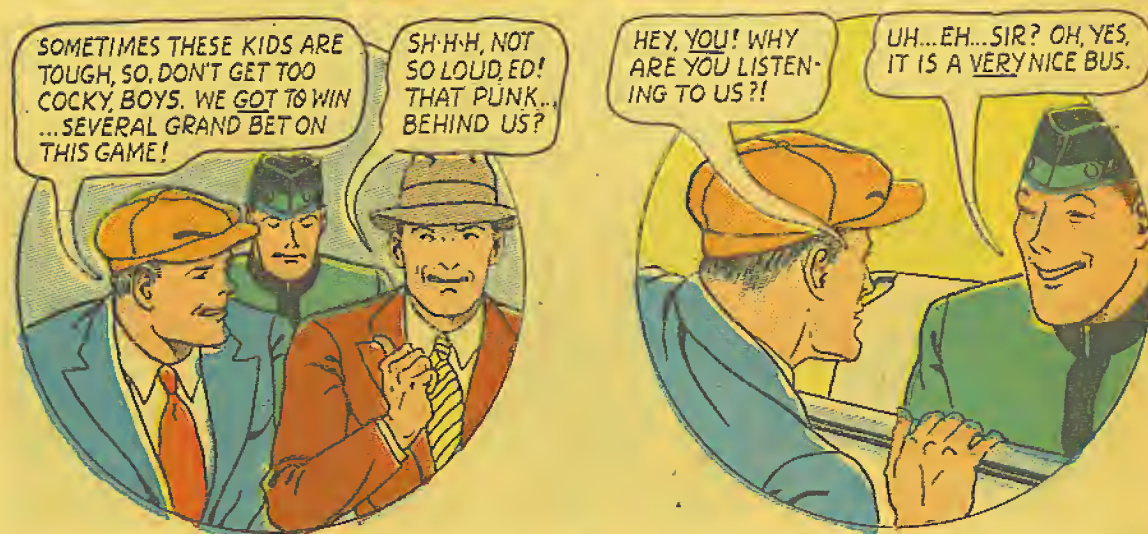
SURE, RED, I'VE TRIED IT, BUT IT CUT MY WIND, SO I CUT IT. TIP-TOP SHAPE MEANS TRAIN ALL THE TIME. THINK IT OVER, BOYS. SO LONG.



SATISFIED, RED? AND YOU'LL SEE AT THE SOCCER GAME SATURDAY, HE'LL BE THE BEST MAN ON THE FIELD!

HUH! NO BETTER N BARK HALL, OR SIMBA KARNO. I'M RIGHT, EH, WHITEY?





RED DISCHARGES HIS ERRAND AND CATCHES THE NEXT BUS
BACK TO FARR—

THE CENTVIEW TIGERS HAVE HIRED
THOSE GUYS I CAME OVER WITH, FOR THE FARR
GAME. WHY, THAT MAKES 'EM PROS! GOSH, I
BETTER TELL THE COACH ABOUT THIS!

BUT...IT'S ONLY A TOWN TEAM, SO,
WHAT'S THE DIFF?...WOW! WHEN
THOSE BABIES MEET MISTER
COLE, THEY'LL SURE SMOKE HIM!
NO, SIR, I'M KEEPIN' MUM, 'CAUSE
THIS IS GONNA BE GOOD!



1:30 P.M. SATURDAY. THE CENTVIEW TIGERS ARRIVE AT FARR M.A.

I'M COACH BRADLY. THESE ARE TOWN
BOYS, I PRESUME, CAPTAIN HELLER?

SURE THING! STRICTLY
AMATOOR. WE DON'T
PLAY RINGERS!

FINE. NOW,
MANAGER
TODLEY
WILL SHOW
YOU TO THE
GYM.
GAME TIME
IS 2:15.



THE GYM. 2:05 P.M.

FELLOWS, THIS OUGHT TO
BE GRAVY-BUT, WE GOT
TO BEAT FARR BY FIVE
POINTS, SO, ROUGH
'EM UP IF YOU HAVE
TO... CATCH?

SURE! WE WON'T
PUT ONLY HALF
OF 'EM IN THE
HORSPIAL!

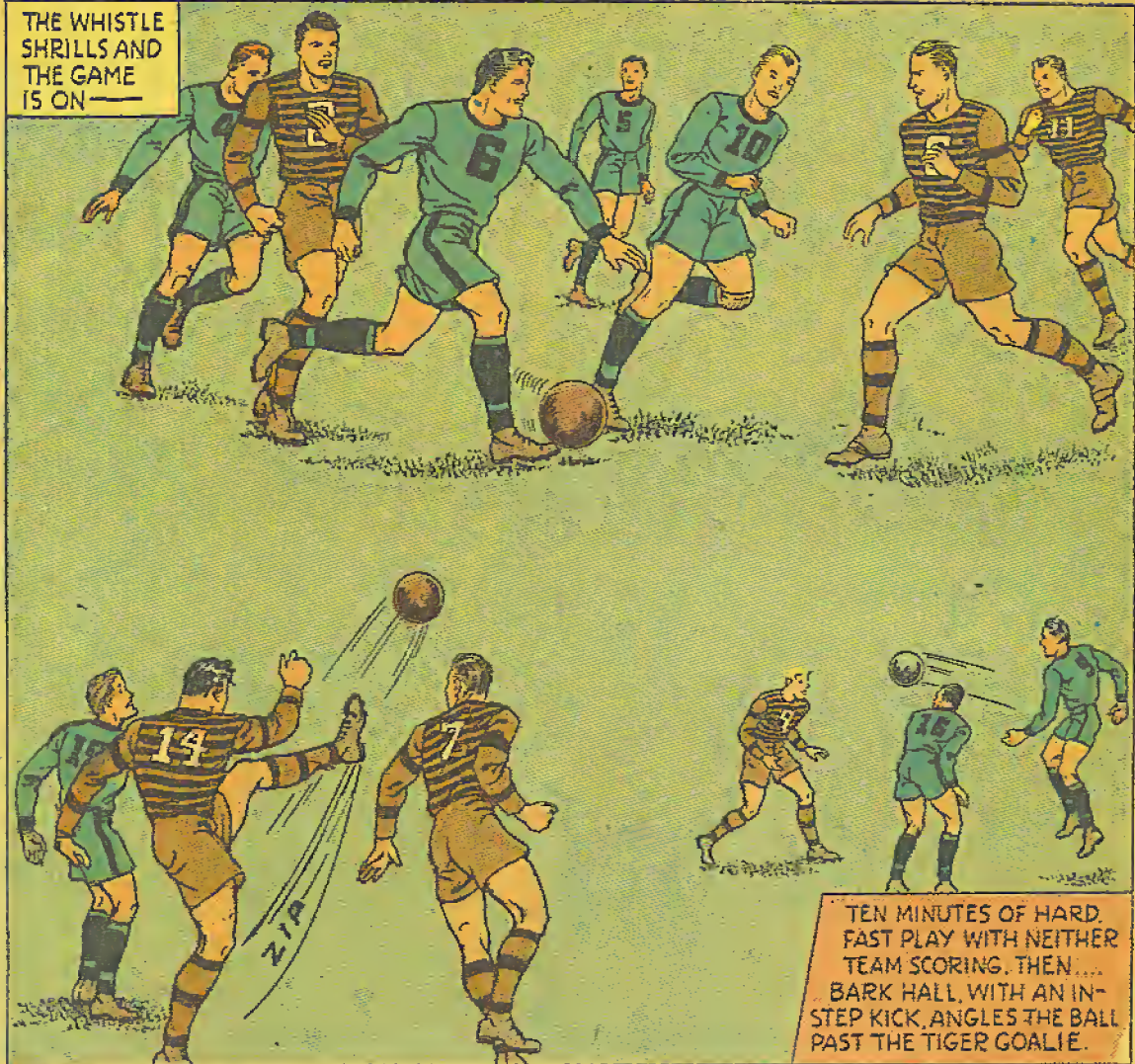


2:15 P.M. LOOK, RED.
HERE COME
THE TIGERS!
GEE! THEY'RE
RUGGED! HEY!
DICK COLE IS
GOALIE!

YEAH, I
SEE. I BET
HE WISHES
HE'D STOOD
IN BED! HOLD
THE CHAPEAU-
HERE WE GO!



THE WHISTLE
SHRILLS AND
THE GAME
IS ON —



TEN MINUTES OF HARD,
FAST PLAY WITH NEITHER
TEAM SCORING. THEN
BARK HALL, WITH AN IN-
STEP KICK, ANGLES THE BALL
PAST THE TIGER GOALIE.

WHOOPEE! BARK
SCORED! 1 TO 0
FARR! AND WHAT'S
DICK COLE DONE
TO DATE, HEH?

DICK COLE'S
SAVES HAVE
PREVENTED
AT LEAST SIX
TIGER SCORES!



BUT, A FEW
MINUTES
LATER —



AND
BARK HALL HAS
TO BE HELPED
FROM THE FIELD.

QUESTION No. 3. Are Association football and soccer similar?

FLATTEN THE
LEFT HALF AND
THE GOALIE, BOYS.
AND QUICK!

SLIP'RY IS OUT COLD. WOW! WHAT A SOC!

GET HIM TO THE GYM, BOYS.

GOSH!

A vintage-style illustration of a soccer match. In the foreground, a player in a brown and black striped jersey is in the middle of kicking a dark ball. He is being challenged by a player in a green jersey who is sliding in to block him. Another player in a green jersey is running towards them from the left. In the background, two more players are visible: one in a striped jersey and another in a green jersey. The scene is set on a grassy field with a simple horizon line. A small circle with the number '7' is in the bottom right corner.

AS SIMBA TRAPS A SHORT PASS, THE TIGER INSIDE RIGHT CHARGES HIM, AND—



GOSH, FELLOWS, I CAN'T PUT MY WEIGHT ON IT!

THAT'S A DARNED TOUGH DEAL, SIMBA!



AND IN THE BACKGROUND—

THE TOE OF MY SHOE SURE WORKED SWELL, EH, JACK?

THAT STEEL INSET IN

AND HOW! NOW TO GET THE GOALIE. AND EVERYTHING WILL BE JAKE!



GREAT GRIEF! SIMBA'S OUT OF THE GAME!

LOOKS LIKE DIRTY WORK TO ME.

CHEER UP, GANG. DICK COLE'S STILL PROTECTIN' OUR LEAD AT THE GOAL!

WE'RE LOSIN' ALL OUR BEST PLAYERS!

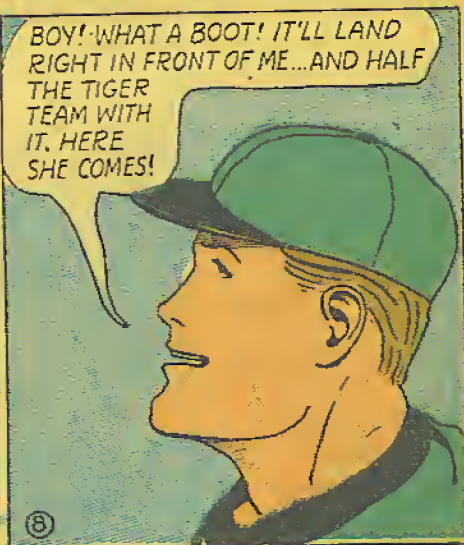
WHO'S TAKIN' SIMBA'S PLACE, EH?



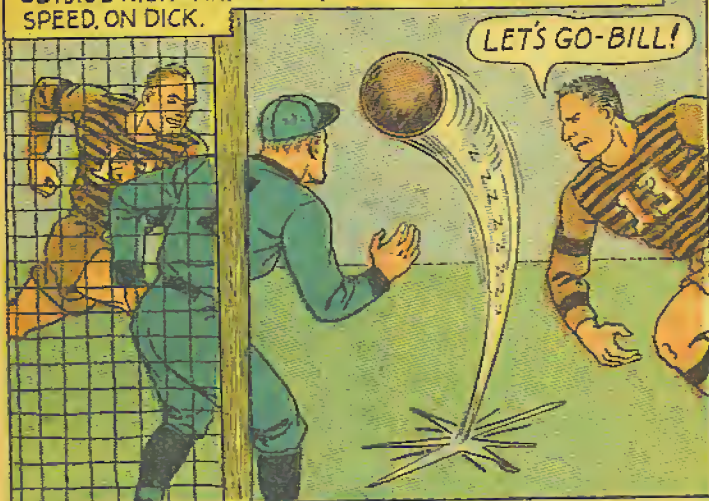
A TIGER BACK PUNTS THE BALL FAR DOWN THE FIELD TOWARDS THE FARR GOAL. TIGER FORWARDS SWARM UNDER THE KICK—



BOY! WHAT A BOOT! IT'LL LAND RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME...AND HALF THE TIGER TEAM WITH IT. HERE SHE COMES!



AS THE BALL BOUNCES IN FRONT OF THE GOAL, THE TIGER OUTSIDE RIGHT AND OUTSIDE LEFT CONVERGE, AT TOP SPEED, ON DICK.



WITH NO TIME TO HANDLE THE BALL, DICK SWINGS HIS FIST, WITH—



UNEXPECTED RESULTS!



GALLOPIN' GNATS!
THEY'RE BOTH OUT
LIKE A LIGHT!



THE REMAINING FIVE MINUTES OF THE GAME ARE PLAYED WITH NEITHER SIDE SCORING. THE FINAL WHISTLE FINDS FARR THE WINNER, 2 TO 0

RAH! RAH!
FARR!

YEA-
COLE!



LATER—

WELL, FELLOWS, I'M SOLD!
I'LL BELIEVE ANYTHING
DICK COLE SAYS ON SMOKIN'...
OR ANYTHING ELSE! ANY GUY
WHO CAN SCRAMBLE TWO
TOUGH EGGS WITH ONE
SOC MUST BE ON THE
BEAM!



ALL OUT FOR V-J DAY,
GANG! LET'S GO! *Dick*

Krisko and Jasper

WE LEFT KRISKO AND JASPER
RIGHT AFTER THEY HAD DROPPED
THE TEAR GAS PENS INTO THE
SNAKE. WONDER HOW THE
BOYS ARE MAKING OUT--



JACK A.
WARREN.

IT WUZ TWO DAYS AGO WE
DROPPED THEM TEAR GAS PENS
INTO THE SNAKE. HOW **DUZ**
HEH HEH KEEP HITIN' OFF
THE KNOTS?

HEH
HEH--

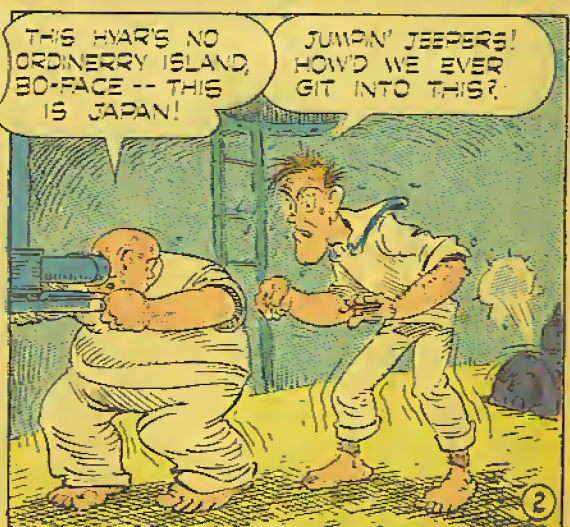
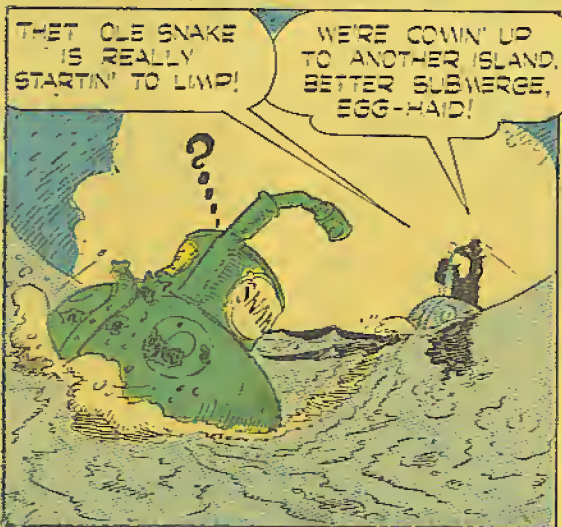
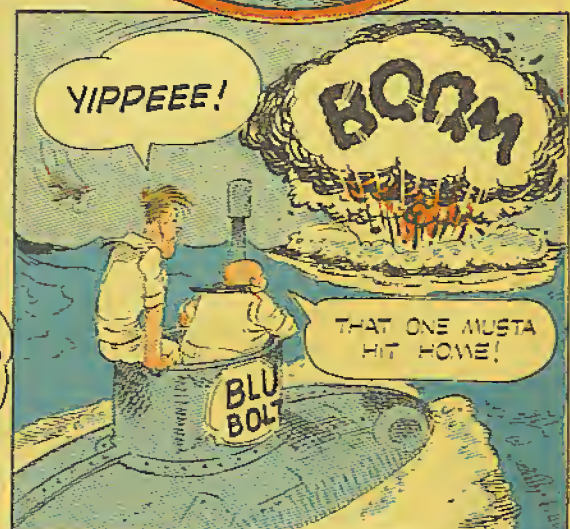
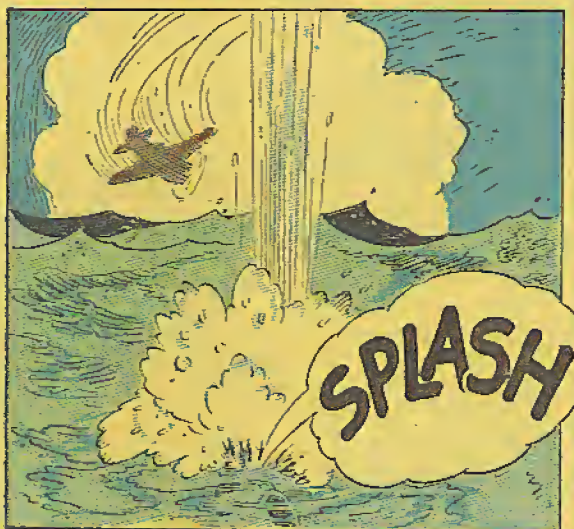
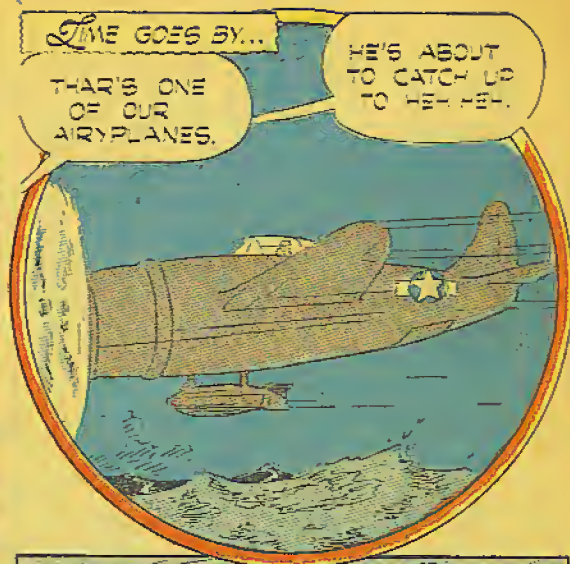
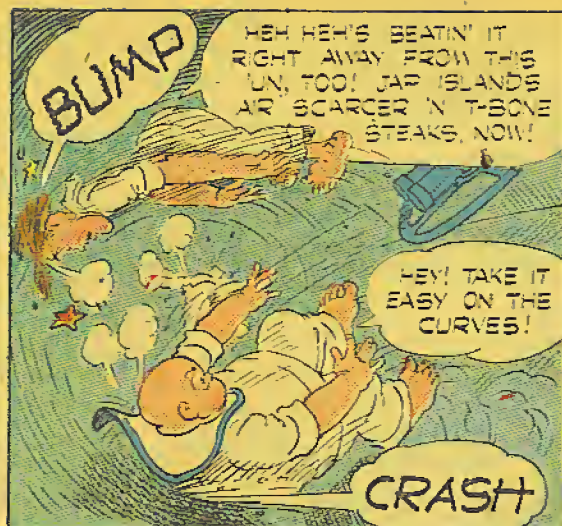


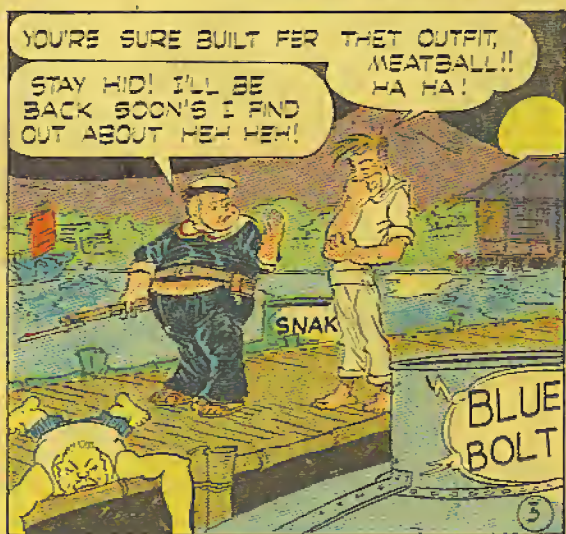
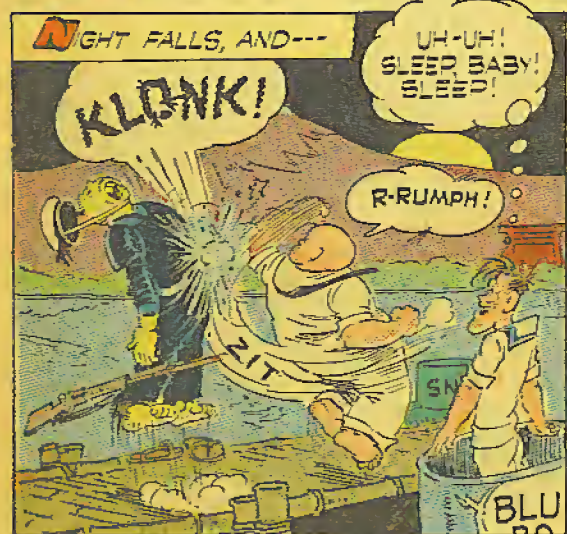
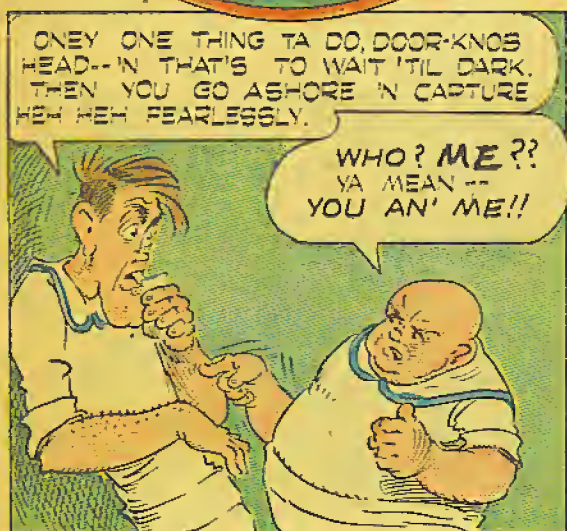
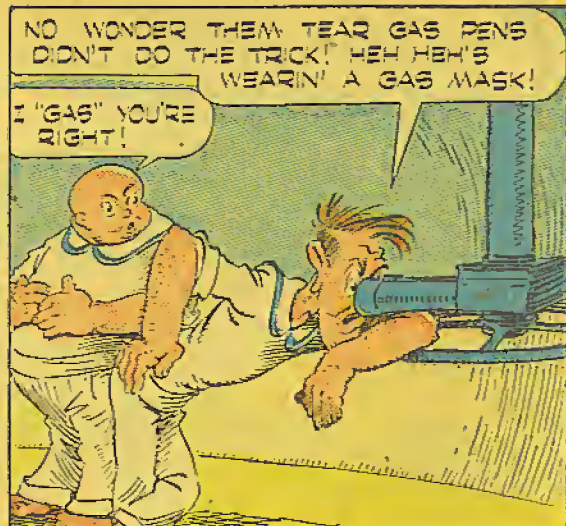
STOP YERPING AND
YAMMERING--WE GOTTA
GET UP MORE SPEED!

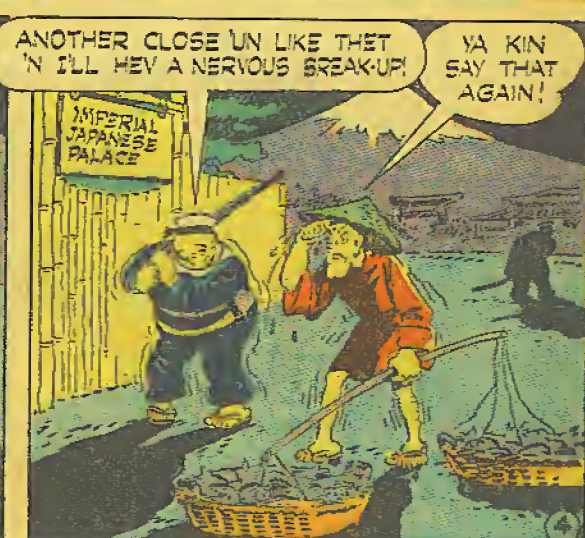
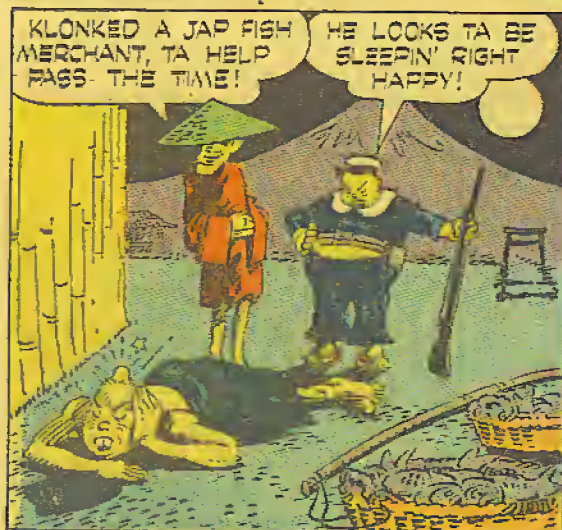
WE'RE A COMIN' TO
ANOTHER ISLAND--
THERE'S AN AMERICAN
FLAG ON IT! YIPPEE!



THE WAR STAMPS BOUGHT BY YOU AND ME
CAN SINK JAPAN BENEATH THE SEA







THIS HYAR NOW FISH
BASKET'LL TRICK 'EM.

THEY'LL THINK YO'RE
A-BRINGIN' SPECIAL
FISH 'N' I'M
GUARDIN' IT!



EVEN GOT A ROOM
FOR THEIR FISH!



IFN WE CAN FOLLOW
ONE O' THEM WAITERS
WITH THEM EGGS--

LEAVE US WALK
TO THE NEAREST
EGGSIT INSTEAD!



I WANNA SEE HEH HEH'S UGLY
FACE ANYWAY, BEFORE WE-UNS LEAVE.

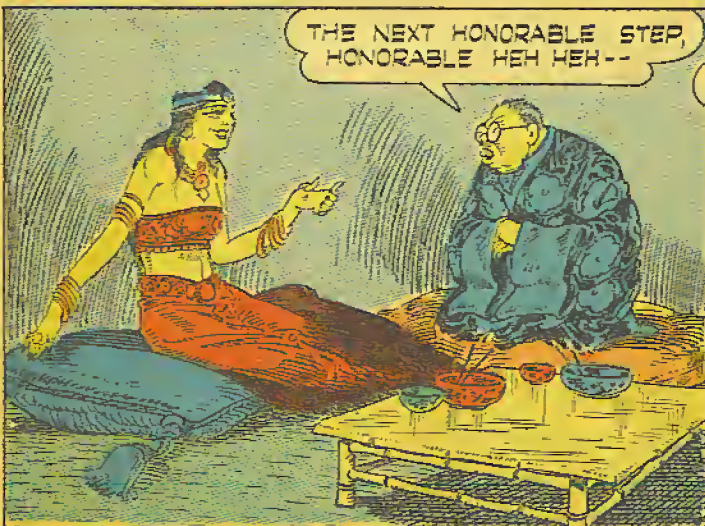
SHHH-H-H--



JUMPIN' JONAH! GIT A LOOK
AT THET HEH HEH, JASPER!



THE NEXT HONORABLE STEP,
HONORABLE HEH HEH--



OWGOSH!
HEH HEH'S
A WOMAN!

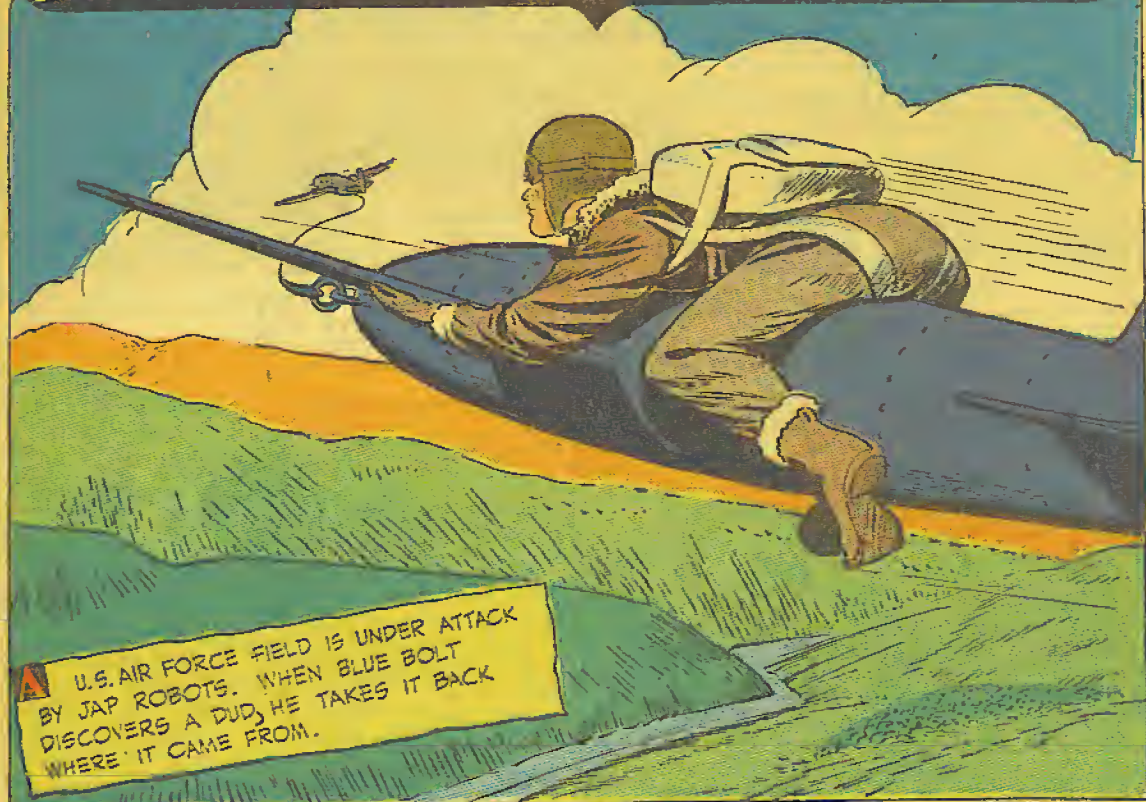
JEEPER'S CROW!
WHAT'LL WE
DO NOW?



LOOKS LIKE PLENTY OF
EXCITEMENT AHEAD FOR
KRISKO AND JASPER!!

BLUE BOLT

THE AMERICAN

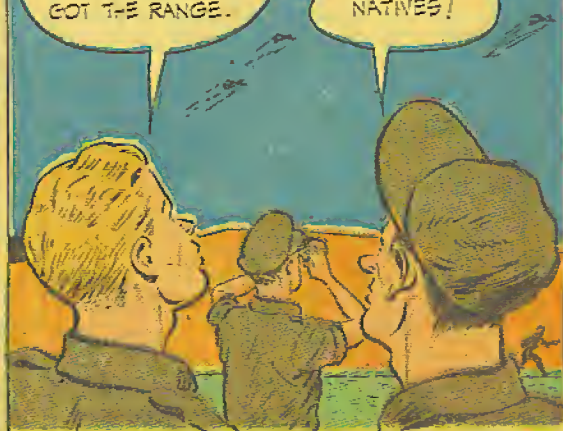


AN AIR RAID SIREN SOUNDS THE ALERT AT A B-29 BASE ON THE ASIAN MAINLAND. THE NATIVES DROP EVERYTHING AND RUN FOR COVER.



ROBOTS AGAIN. THEY'RE NOT CLOSE. THE NIPS HAVEN'T GOT THE RANGE.

BUT THEY SCARE THE DICKENS OUT OF THE NATIVES!

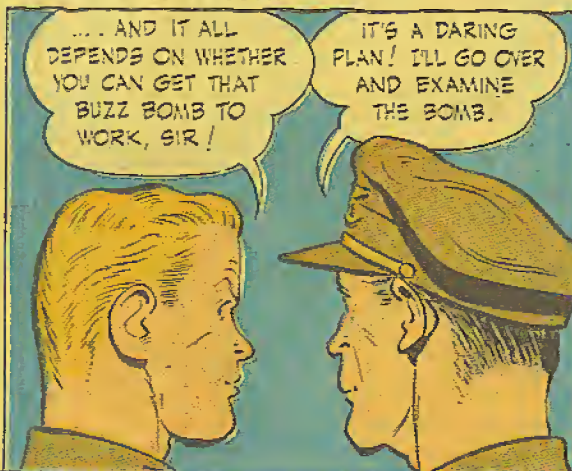


BUYING BONDS IS ONE SURE WAY
OF HASTENING OUR VICTORY DAY

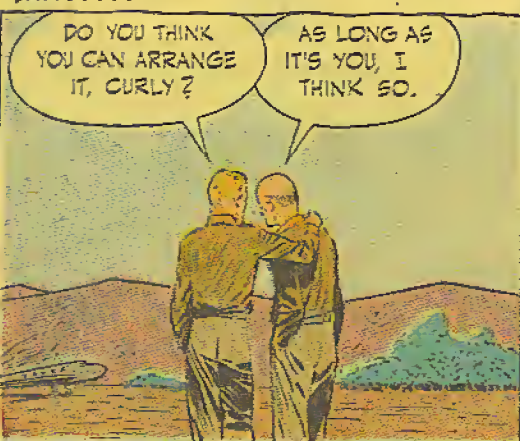
THE JAPS OVERSHOOT THE FIELD BY A QUARTER OF A MILE.



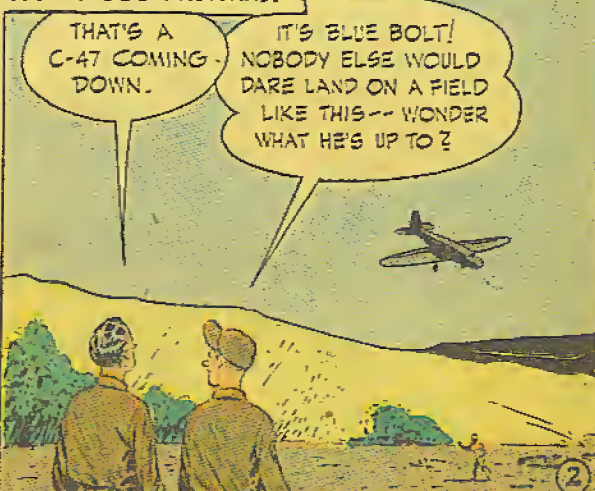
B LUE BOLT DASHES BACK TO THE FIELD AND HUNTS UP THE MAJOR.

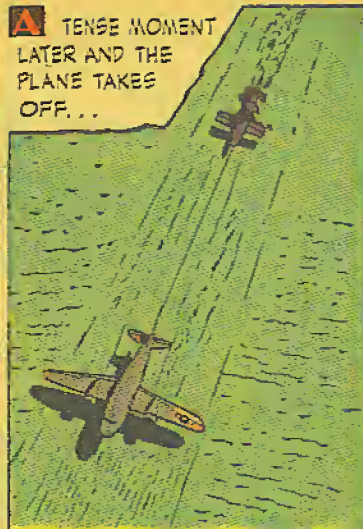


WHILE MAJOR ROE READIES THE ROBOT, BLUE BOLT VISITS A NEAR-BY AIRBORNE UNIT.....



... AND SOON RETURNS.





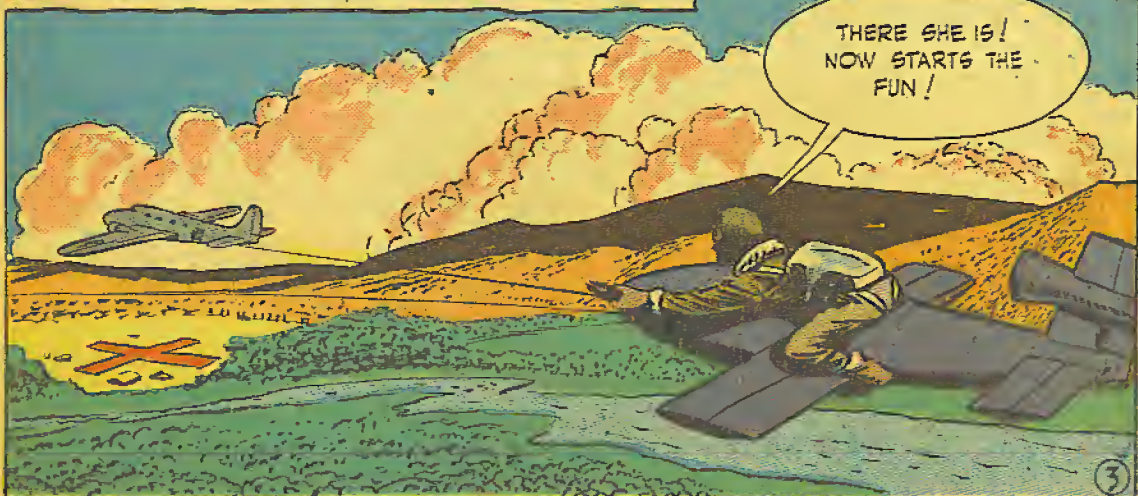
THEY BARELY CLEAR THE TREE TOPS --



THE PLANE HITS A TERRIFIC SPEED, AND BLUE BOLT HUGS THE BOMB TO KEEP FROM BEING SWEEPED OFF.



MANY SWIFT MILES FURTHER, BLUE BOLT CUTS THE CABLE--



... THE ACE AIRMAN DIRECTS THE BOMB SQUARELY AT THE ENEMY ROBOT LAUNCHING DEPOT.

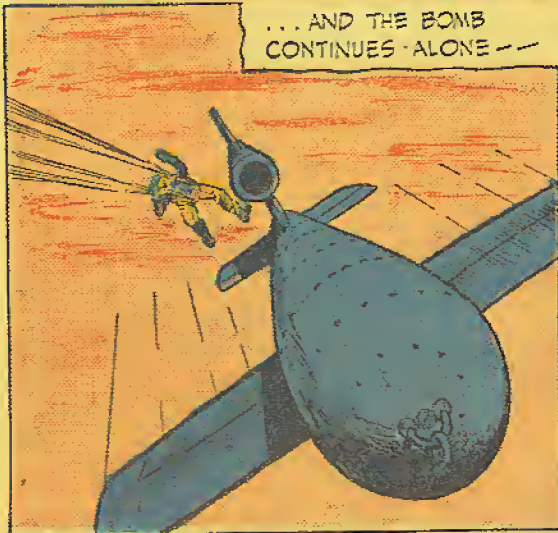
BY CLEVER MANIPULATION OF THE AILERONS...



HE PULLS THE RIP CORD...



... AND THE BOMB CONTINUES ALONE --



THAT'S THE END OF THE BUZZ BOMBS!



AND IT MAY BE THE END OF ME!



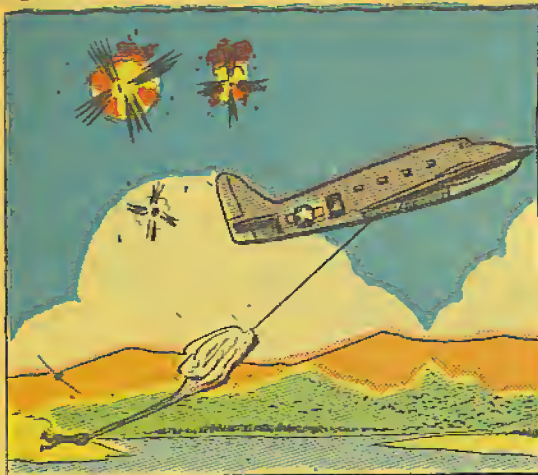
NOW LOOK WHAT'S COMING! A JAP PLANE!

BUT CHARLIE SEES IT, TOO!



NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON! I HOPE I CAN GIVE HIM THE HOOK!

THE DANGLING HOOK CATCHES THE STRANDS OF THE PARACHUTE...



THEY ARE SOON OUT OF RANGE OF THE ACK-ACK...

...BUT THE NIP PLANE IS IN FULL PURSUIT.



UH-OH! I WONDER IF CHARLIE KNOWS WE'VE GOT COMPANY.

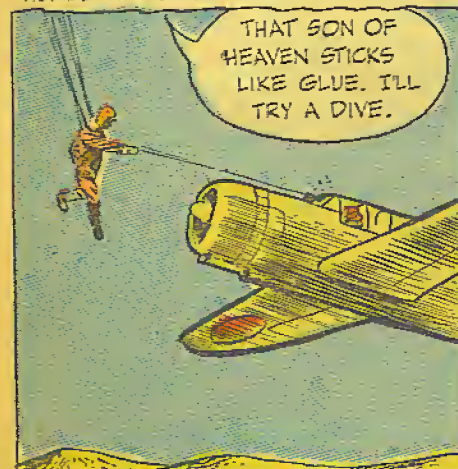


THE JAPS HAVE AN EASY TARGET.



CHARLIE TRIES TO SHAKE OFF HIS PURSUERS.

MINUTES LATER... BLUE BOLT HURLS HIS EMPTY GUN.



THAT SON OF HEAVEN STICKS LIKE GLUE. I'LL TRY A DIVE.



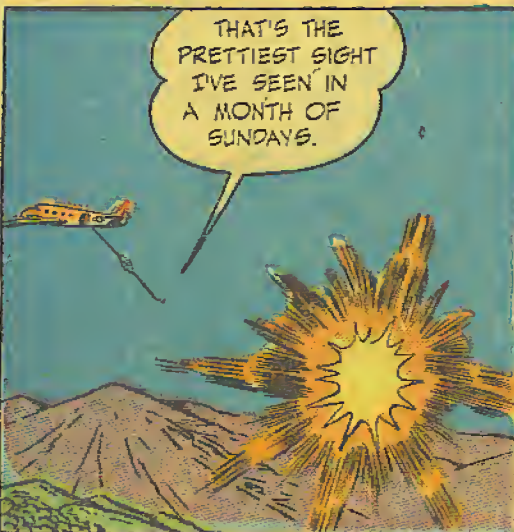
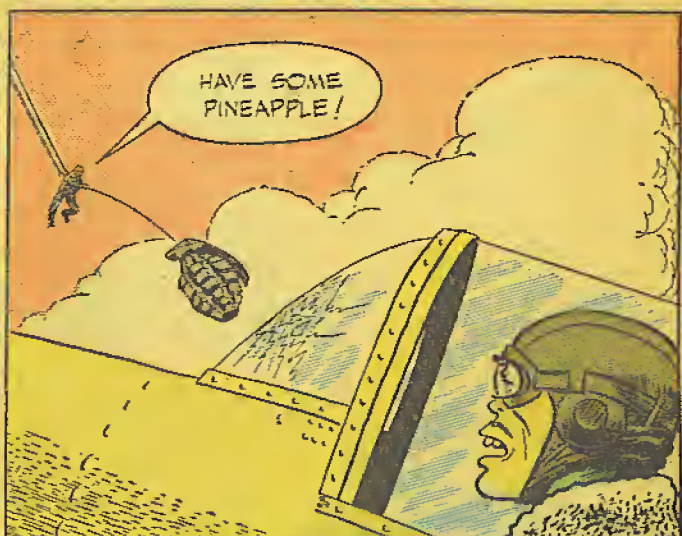
THE STRAIN IS TOO GREAT FOR THE PARACHUTE... THE SHROUDS BEGIN TO SNAP...



I HOPE MY LUCK HOLDS LONGER THAN THOSE STRANDS.

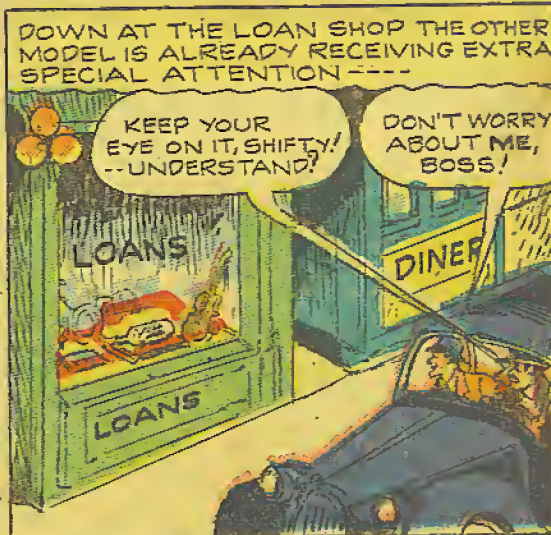


AS THE ENEMY DIVES IN FOR THE KILL....



BUY THOSE BONDS! IT'S ONLY FAIR!
TO HELP OUR BOYS OVER THERE

Edison Bell



BUY EVERY BOND YOU CAN AFFORD
EACH ONE IS LIKE A MIGHTY SWORD



A FEW MINUTES LATER---

HELLO MRS. BENTLY! MOM'S EXPECTING YOU!

I'M READY FOR HER, EDISON! I JUST BOUGHT THE DARLINDEST CONTRIBUTION!



WHAT'S ALL THIS, ED?

MOM'S CLUB JERRY! THEY ALL CONTRIBUTE SOMETHING THEN MOM AUCTIONS IT OFF! IT'S FOR THE WAR FUND, I THINK!

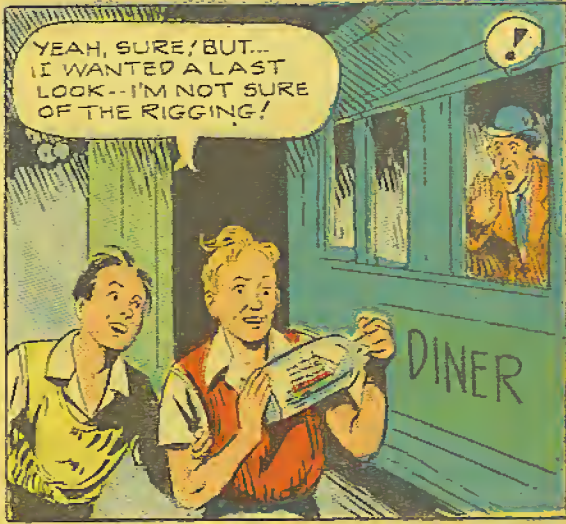


WELL, HERE WE ARE AND--JERRY! IT'S GONE!

BUT, ED, YOUR MODEL LOOKS OK!



YEAH, SURE, BUT... I WANTED A LAST LOOK--I'M NOT SURE OF THE RIGGING!



T-THAT KID! HE'S GOT THE MODEL!



I'LL TRAIL 'EM! GOTTA GET IT BACK BEFORE THE BOSS FINDS OUT OR HE'LL (ULP) SKIN ME!



WHEN THE BOYS ARRIVE AT ED'S HOUSE, THEY FIND THE MEETING IN FULL SWING--

HI, MOM--ANYTHING WE CAN DO?

WHY YES, SON, WE DO NEED MORE CHAIRS INSIDE!



THIS WON'T TAKE LONG, JERRY--THEN WE'LL GO OUT TO THE SHOP OVER THE GARAGE AND TAKE A PHOTO OF THE MODEL!

SWELL!



WE'RE READY TO PROCEED, LADIES--ARE ALL GIFTS ON THE TABLE?

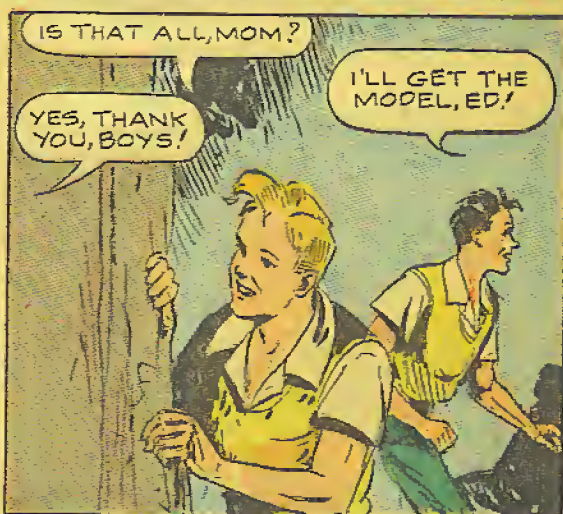
HOW STUPID OF ME--I MUST HAVE LEFT MINE IN THE HALLWAY!



IS THAT ALL, MOM?

YES, THANK YOU, BOYS!

I'LL GET THE MODEL, ED!



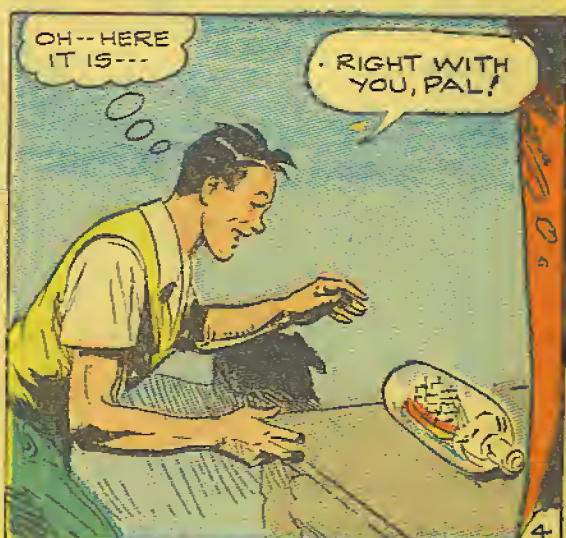
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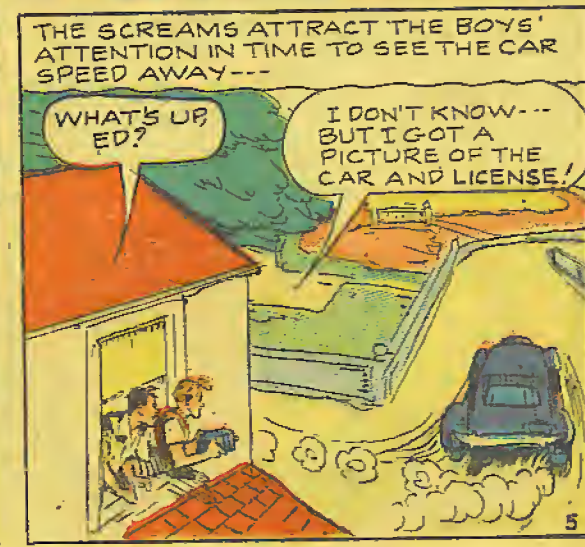
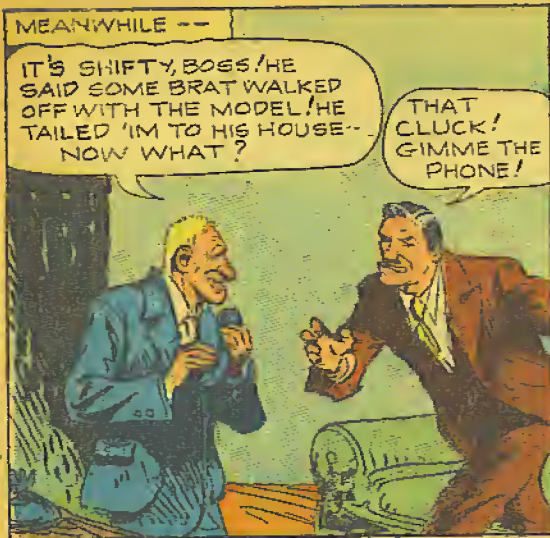
GOT IT?



OH--HERE IT IS---

RIGHT WITH YOU, PAL!



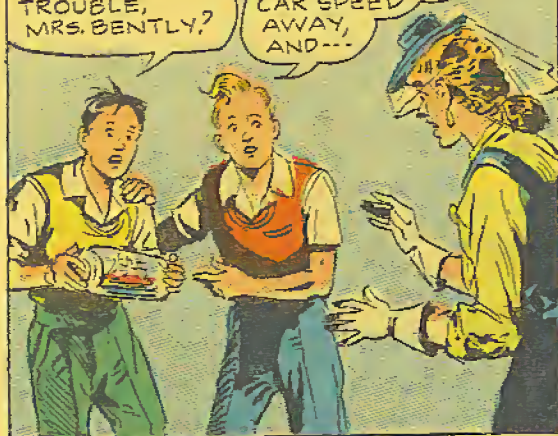


Yes. In panel 3, the object in Mrs. Bell's hand is a gavel. ANSWER No. 10.

ED AND JERRY RUN INTO THE HOUSE ---

WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, MRS. BENTLY?

WE SAW THE CAR SPEED AWAY, AND---



WELL, HE DIDN'T GET IT AFTER ALL, I'LL TAKE THAT, YOUNG MAN!

HUH? BUT THIS IS EDDIE'S!



IT IS NOT! IT'S MINE! I--

OOPS!



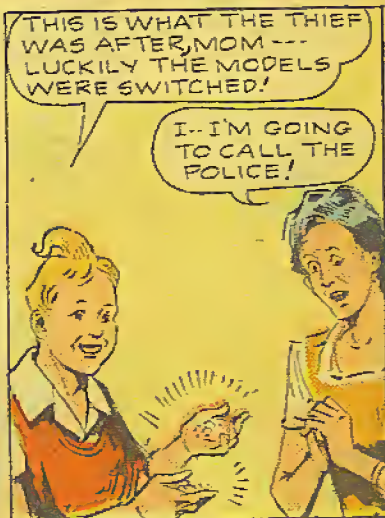
SILENCE FOLLOWS THE CRASH--- THEN COMES PANDEMONIUM AS ED DISCOVERS ---

DIAMONDS! THEY WERE HIDDEN IN THE IMITATION 'SEA'!



THIS IS WHAT THE THIEF WAS AFTER, MOM--- LUCKILY THE MODELS WERE SWITCHED!

I-- I'M GOING TO CALL THE POLICE!



THE NEXT MORNING---

WE'RE HEROES, ED! THE PICTURE HELPED CATCH THE CROOKS! WE'RE GOING TO GET A REWARD, AND---?? WHAT'S THE MATTER?--YOU LOOK WORRIED!

I AM!



IT TOOK ME A WHOLE WEEK TO MAKE THAT MODEL--I HOPE THEY HAVEN'T BROKEN IT!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH A GUY LIKE THAT?

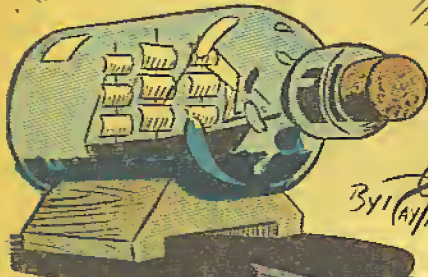


THE END

SHHH!

HERE IS EDDIE BELL'S SECRET,
SIMPLIFIED WAY TO MAKE A MODEL

SHIP-IN-A BOTTLE

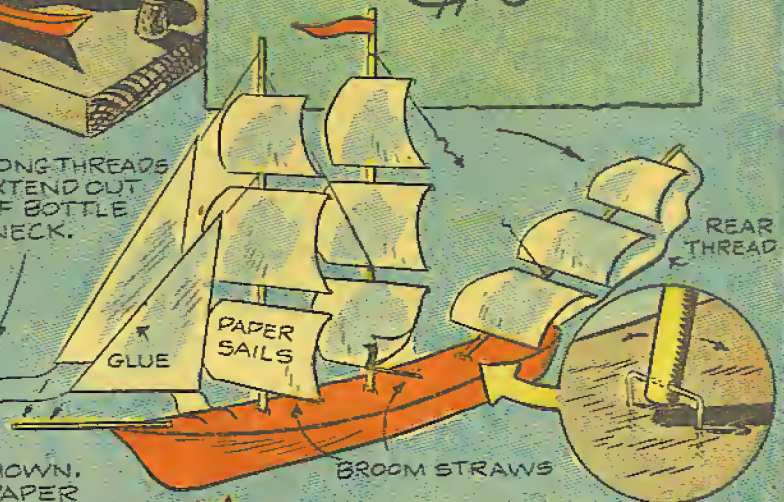


THIS FAVORITE OF SOUVENIR
HUNTERS FOR COUNTLESS
YEARS MAY NOW BE
YOURS --- AND MADE BY
YOU! ELABORATE AS
MUCH AS YOU WISH. THE
PLANS HERE HAVE BEEN
GREATLY SIMPLIFIED.

A B C

CHOOSE A SUITABLE
BOTTLE. INSERT A
LAYER OF GREEN
MODELING CLAY,
BIT BY BIT, AND
TAMP DOWN
WITH ROUND-
END DOWEL
"C". CARVE HULL
OUT OF SOFT
WOOD.

LONG THREADS
EXTEND OUT
OF BOTTLE
NECK.



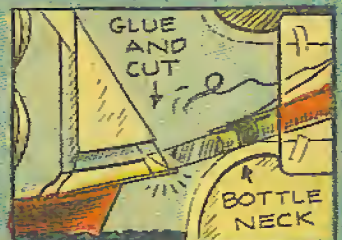
ASSEMBLE SHIP AS SHOWN.
THIN DOWEL MASTS, PAPER
SAILS GLUED TO BROOM.
STRAW BOOMS. BOOMS ARE
GLUED TO MASTS.

MASTS FOLD BACK ON SIMPLE STAPLE
HINGE. BURN HOLES WITH HOT NEEDLE.
NOTE SIMPLIFIED RIGGING.

REAR
THREAD



INSERT SHIP WITH LONG STICK TWEEZERS "B".
MASTS FOLDED BACK, AND SET FIRMLY IN CLAY.
PULL MASTS UP WITH LONG THREADS. REAR THREAD
IS FIXED LENGTH. GLUE THREADS TO BOWSPRIT AND CUT.





TRICKY MATCHBOX

Place it on the back of your hand and say the Magic Word and Lo and behold

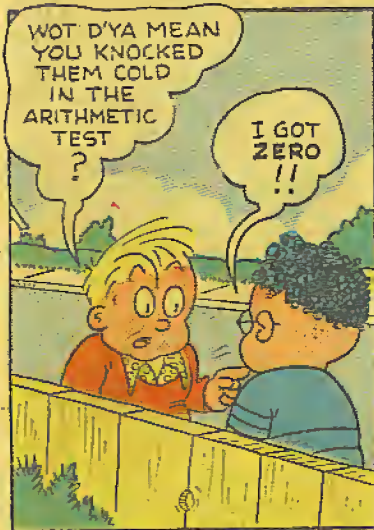
IT TURNS COMPLETELY AROUND!

IT STANDS! IT OPENS!

A magical sensation. Complete with Easy to do directions. 25¢ postpaid.

THE MAGICIAN.

MX 2463 Kensington Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.



BUY WAR BONDS, ONE AND ALL!
GUARANTEE JAPAN'S QUICK FALL

Sergeant SPOOK



BOY-- THIS GUY MUST HAVE BEEN A TOUGH HOMBRE!

OH, HE'S A REFORMED CHARACTER NOW, JERRY! IF YOU'D LIKE TO MEET HIM, I'LL BRING HIM IN FROM GHOST TOWN TONIGHT!

GOSH, SPOOK, WOULD YOU?

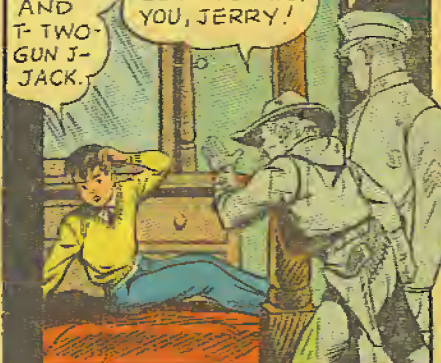


WAR BONDS BOUGHT BY EVERYONE
ARE SURE TO SET THAT "RISING SUN"

SO, THAT NIGHT, SPOOK ARRIVES AT JERRY'S HOUSE . . .

(GULP) H-HELLO, SPOOK AND T-TWO-GUN J-JACK.

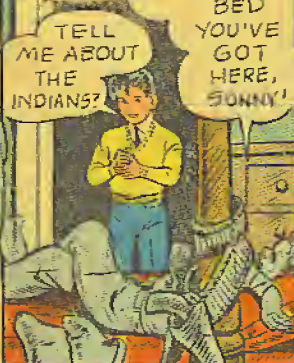
HI, JERRY-- I PERSUADED TWO-GUN TO COME ALONG!
GLAD TO MEET YOU, JERRY!



TWO-GUN JACK MAKES HIMSELF AT HOME--

TELL ME ABOUT THE INDIANS?

NICE BED YOU'VE GOT HERE, SUNNY!



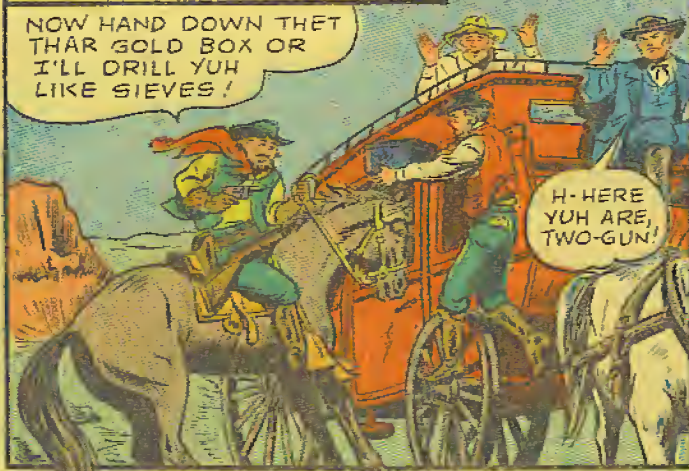
INTUNS?? WHERE? I'LL SHOOT THE VARMINTS! WHY, I REMEMBER BACK IN TEXAS WHEN...

GEE!



TWO-GUN TELLS HIS STORY --

NOW HAND DOWN THET THAR GOLD BOX OR I'LL DRILL YUH LIKE SIEVES!



H-HERE YUH ARE, TWO-GUN!

OFF TO THE HILLS, BLACK STREAK - I'LL CACHE THIS HERE GOLD TILL I GOT ENUF TO RETIRE!



HERE'S MY GOOD OLD HIDIN' PLACE-- NO ONE BUT ME KNOWS ABOUT IT!



INTUNS!! TH' CONSARNED THIEVES WAS ASPYIN' ON ME!

WHOO! SCALPUM, PALEFACE!



WHY, YOU REDSKINS ARE JUS' ORNERY CROOKS! I'LL SHOW YUH THET IT AIN'T SO EASY TO STEAL FROM TWO-GUN!

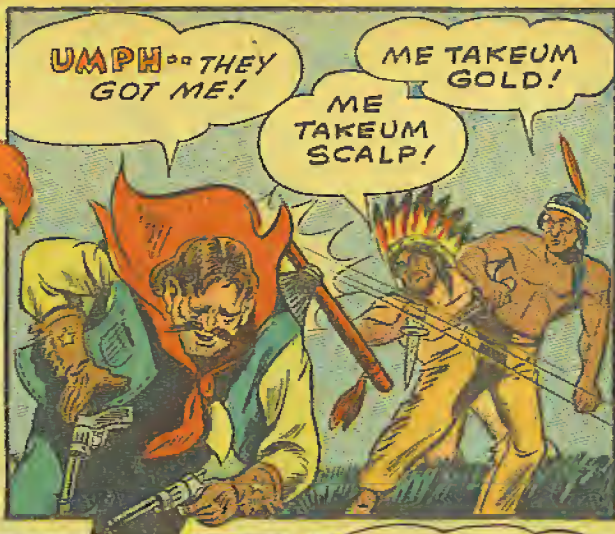


QUESTION No. 12 Why were the natives of newly-discovered America called Indians?



YUP -- THIS IS A RIGHT PLEASANT WAY FER A HE-MAN TUH SPEND A DAY!

PALEFACE GO TO' HAPPY HUNTING GROUND!!



UMPH--THEY GOT ME!

ME TAKEUM SCALP!

ME TAKEUM GOLD!



AND THAT'S WHERE TWO-GUN ENDS HIS STORY--

THEY KILLED YOU?! BUT, IN THE BOOK IT SAYS...

HUH--WHAT DOES A BOOK KNOW?



IT WAS TWO DAYS LATER, JERRY, THET I HELD UP THE HOUSTON BANK! GORSH, THET WAS SOME ROBBERY!

WHAT?



OH, SAY, NOW--HOW COULD YOU ROB A BANK IF YOU WERE DEAD?



YOU DONT NEED ME HERE, AND I'VE GOT A CASE IN NIGHT TRAFFIC COURT AT GHOST TOWN!

I'LL ENTERTAIN HIM, SERGEANT!

HA! HA!



OH, JERRY-- TWO-GUN IS PRESIDENT OF THE GHOST TOWN LIARS CLUB! I JUST THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO KNOW!

I SEE -- HA! HA! THANKS, SPOOK!

AS SOON AS SPOOK IS SAFELY AWAY, TWO-GUN GETS BUSY...

SAY, WHAT'RE YOU PUTTING YOUR GUN BELTS ON FOR?

OH, I'VE GOT A LITTLE JOB TO DO HERE IN THE WORLD!



BUT, GOSH-- SPOOK WILL BE AWFULLY MAD AT ME!

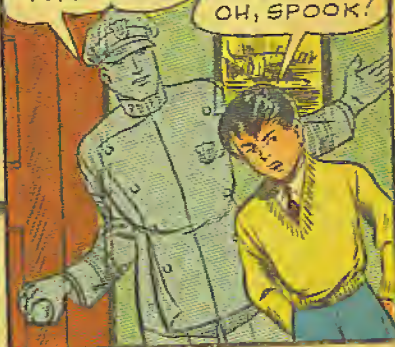
OH, DON'T RILE YOURSELF- I'LL BE BACK BEFORE HE IS!



BUT, WHEN SPOOK RETURNS...

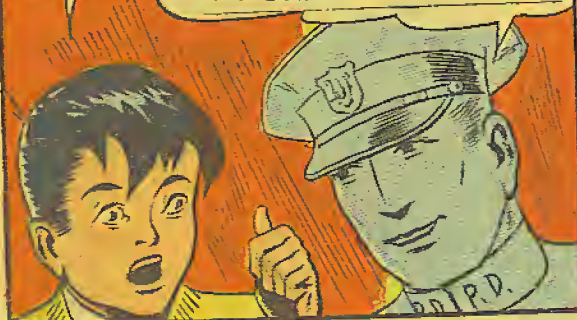
HELLO, JERRY -- YOU LOOK WORRIED. WHERE'S TWO-GUN?

OH, SPOOK!

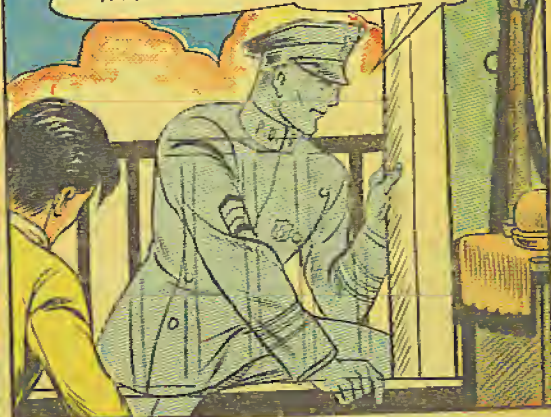


TWO-GUN LEFT -- HE SAID HE HAD A JOB TO DO!

HMM-- I WONDER IF ... HE'S BEEN TELLING A STORY IN GHOST TOWN ABOUT HIS GRANDSON GETTING MIXED UP WITH CROOKS! THE BOY WORKS IN A BANK.



I THINK WE'D BETTER FIND TWO-GUN BEFORE HE GETS INTO ANY TROUBLE!



HE LEFT ABOUT AN HOUR AGO AND HEADED TOWARDS MAIN STREET!

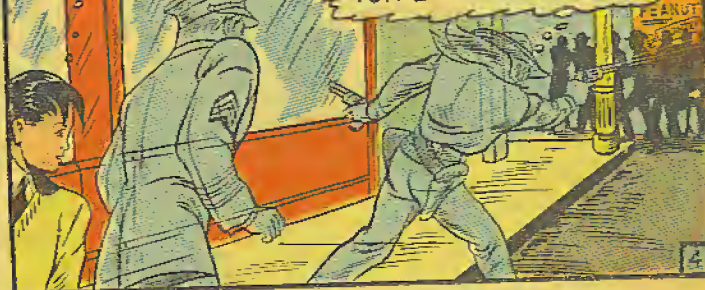
AN HOUR? WHEW!!-- HE COULD UPSET THE WHOLE CITY IN THAT TIME!

SPOOK AND JERRY HAVE LITTLE TROUBLE FINDING THE OLD WESTERNER, HOWEVER, ONCE THEY REACH MAIN STREET! FOR...

SPOOK! THERE HE IS! GOSH, HE'LL KILL SOMEONE!

NO-- HE'S ONLY SHOOTING GHOST BULLETS!

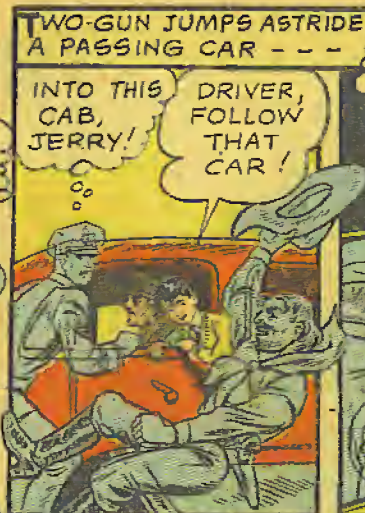
KEEP AWAY FROM ME-- I AIN'T A MIN' TUH BE STAMPEDED!





TWO-GUN, YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR DISOBEDIENCE!

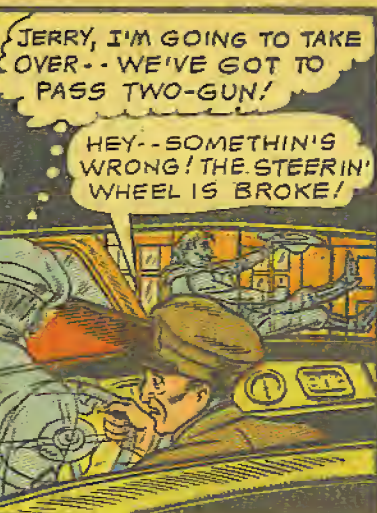
SPOOK -- OH, GORSH! I'VE GOT THE LAW AFTER ME AGAIN!



TWO-GUN JUMPS ASTRIDE A PASSING CAR --

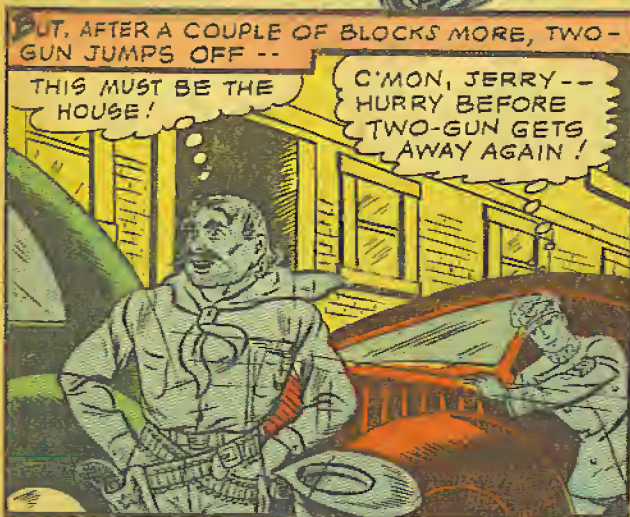
INTO THIS CAB, JERRY!

DRIVER, FOLLOW THAT CAR!



JERRY, I'M GOING TO TAKE OVER -- WE'VE GOT TO PASS TWO-GUN!

HEY -- SOMETHIN'S WRONG! THE STEERIN' WHEEL IS BROKE!



BUT, AFTER A COUPLE OF BLOCKS MORE, TWO-GUN JUMPS OFF --

THIS MUST BE THE HOUSE!

C'MON, JERRY -- HURRY BEFORE TWO-GUN GETS AWAY AGAIN!

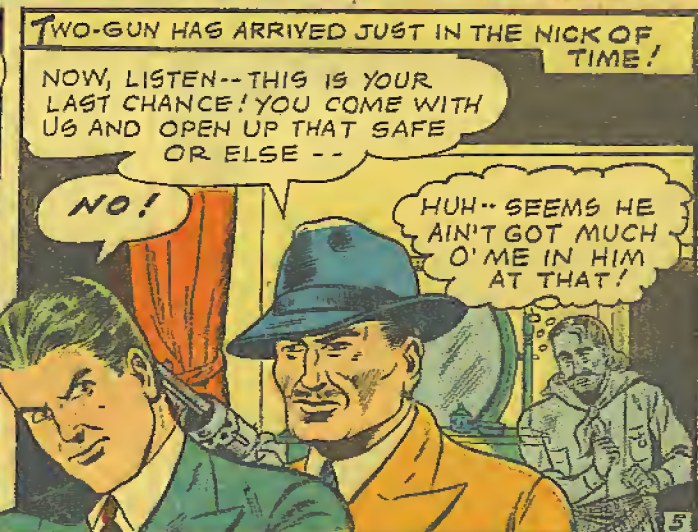


SPOOK, WHAT'S HE GOING IN THERE FOR? WE'LL CATCH HIM EASILY NOW!

MIGHTY QUEER!



YUP -- THAR HE BE! THET'S MY GRANDSON, ALL RIGHTY! THE SPITTIN' IMAGE OF ME WHEN I WAS HIS AGE!

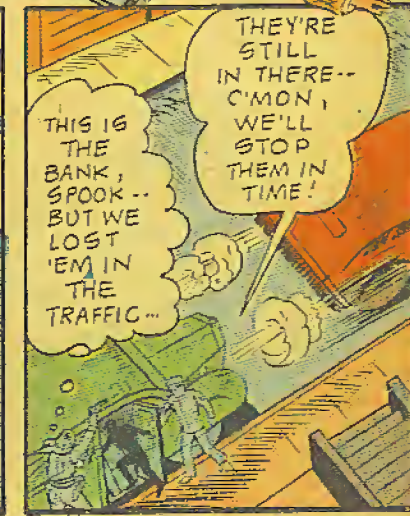


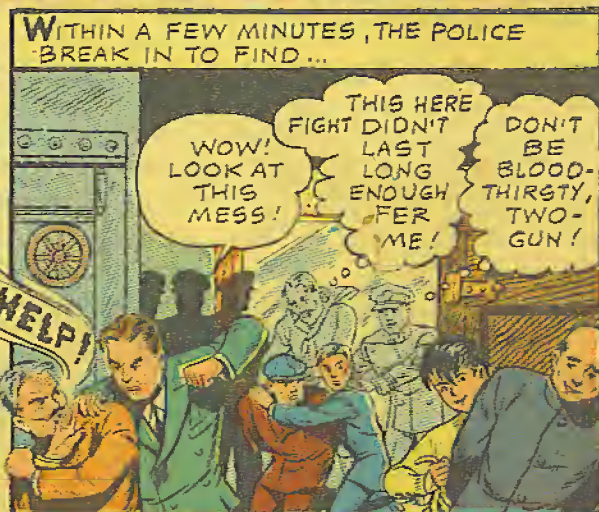
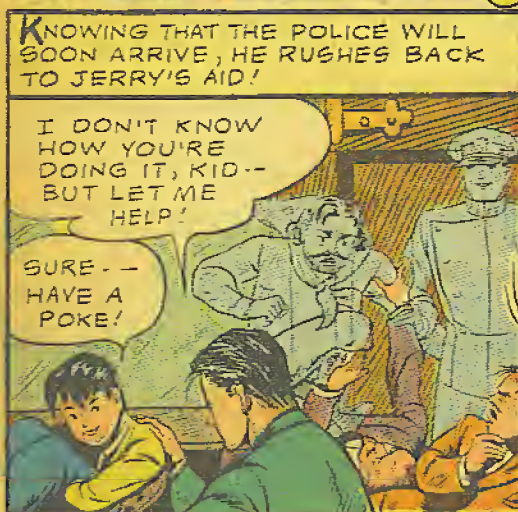
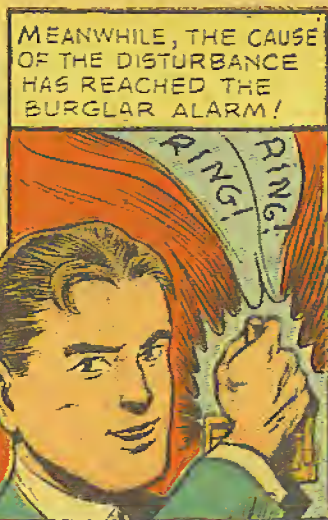
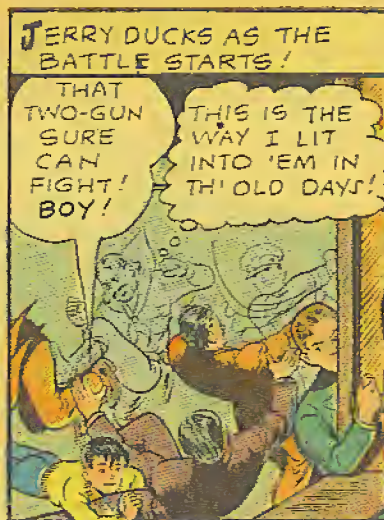
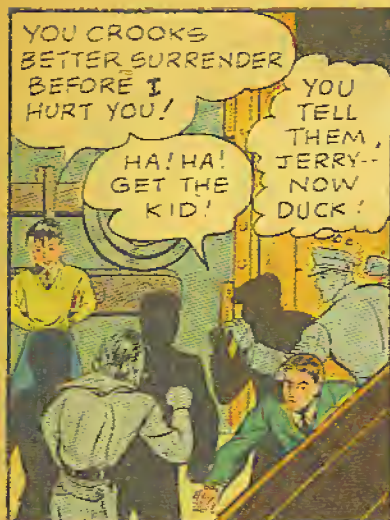
TWO-GUN HAS ARRIVED JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME!

NOW, LISTEN -- THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE! YOU COME WITH US AND OPEN UP THAT SAFE OR ELSE --

NO!

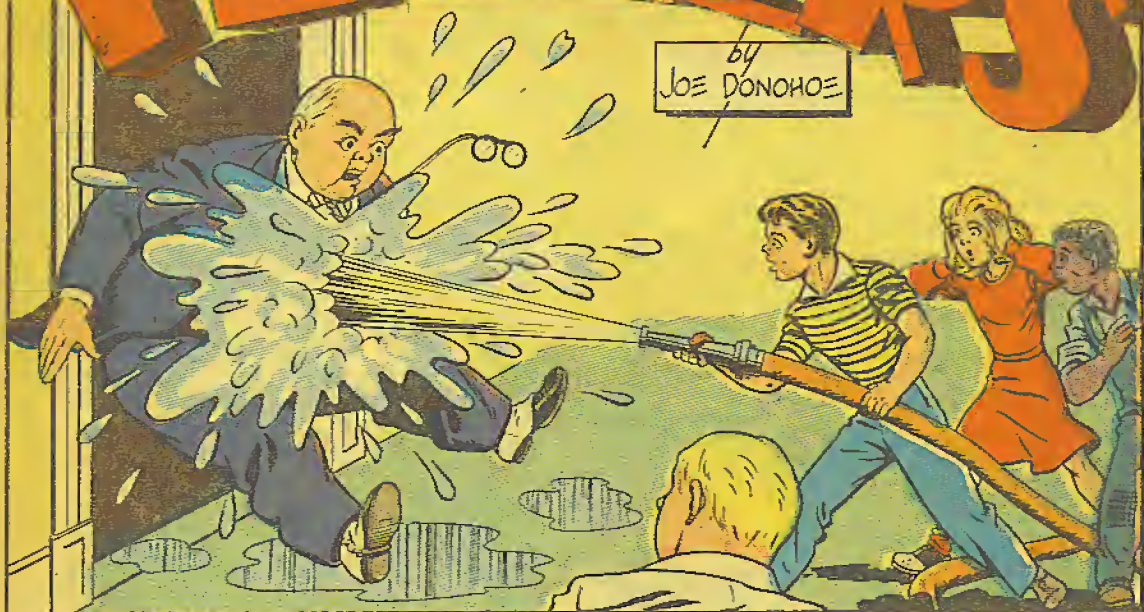
HUH -- SEEMS HE AIN'T GOT MUCH O' ME IN HIM AT THAT!



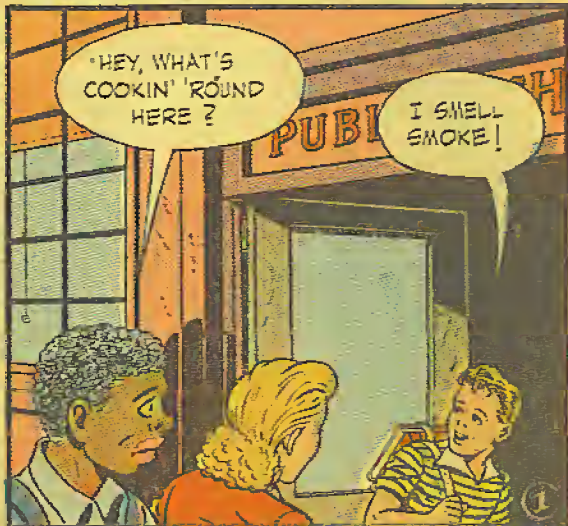
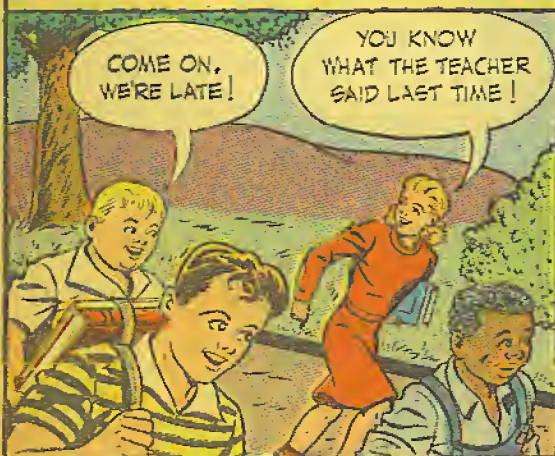


FEARLESS FELLERS

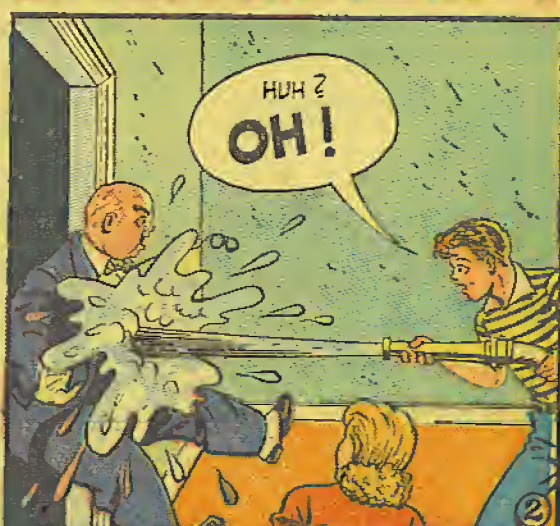
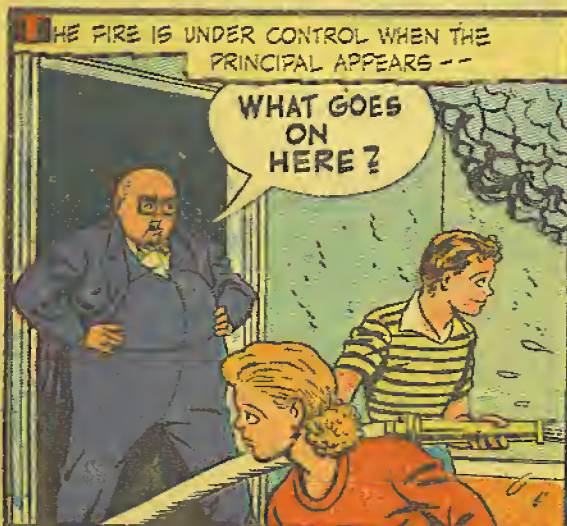
by
JOE DONOHUE

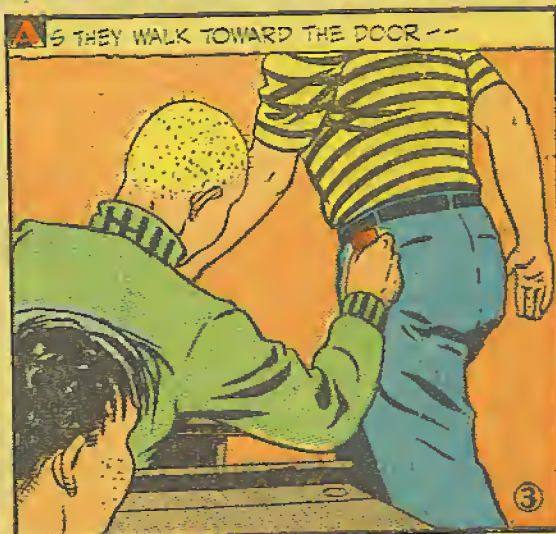
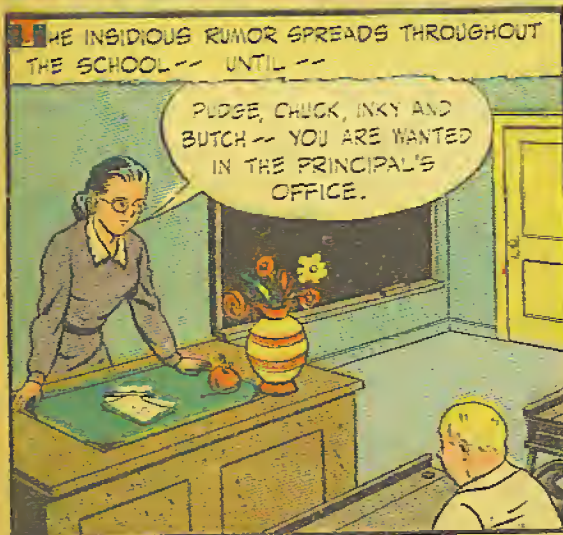
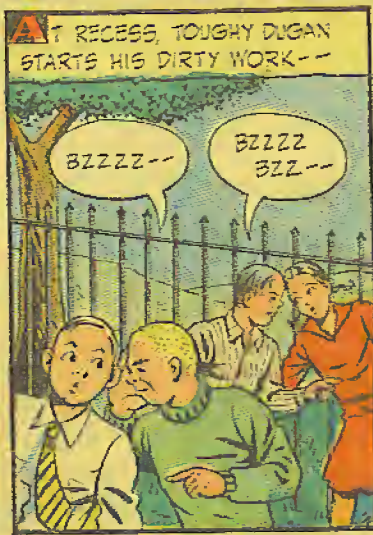
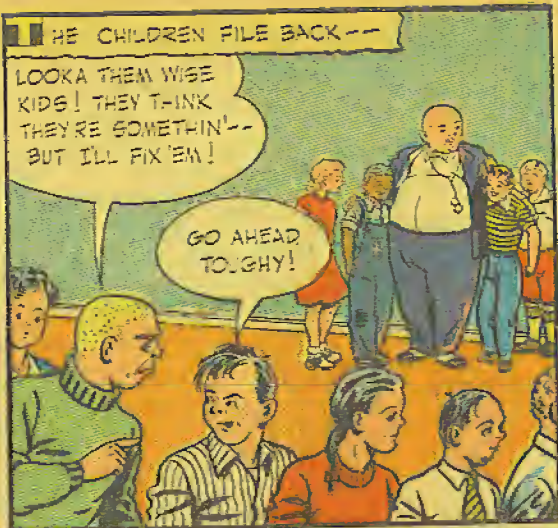


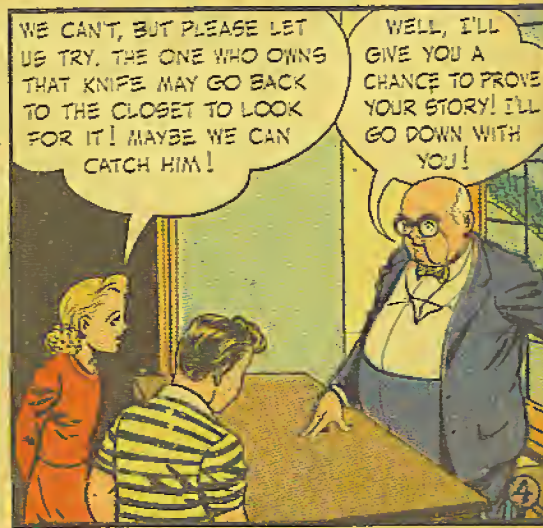
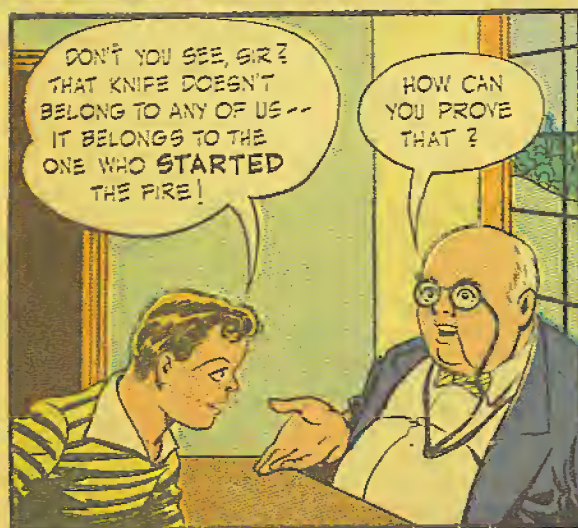
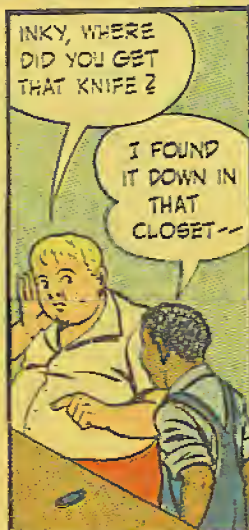
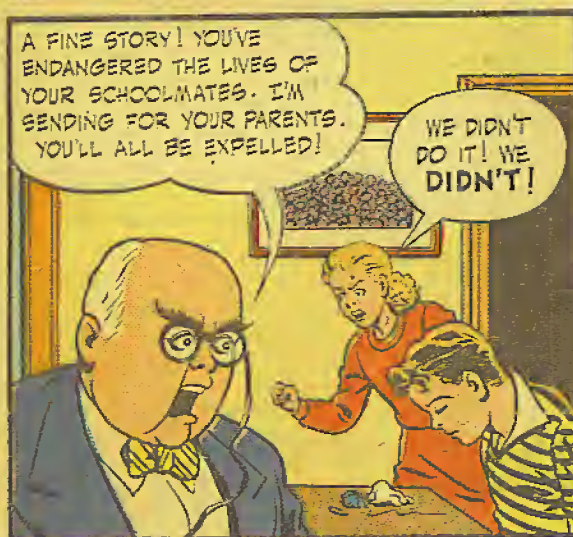
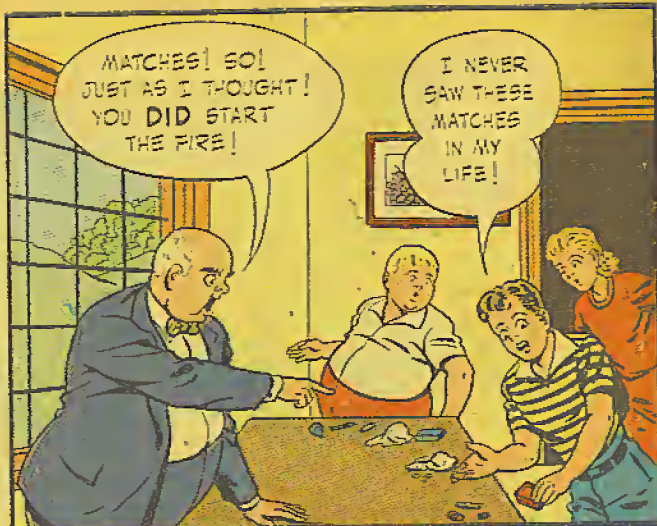
THE FEARLESS FELLERS HURRY TO SCHOOL --

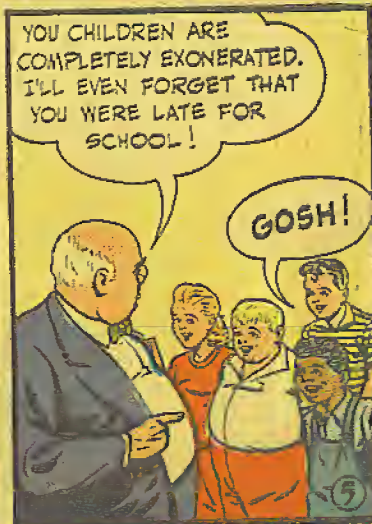
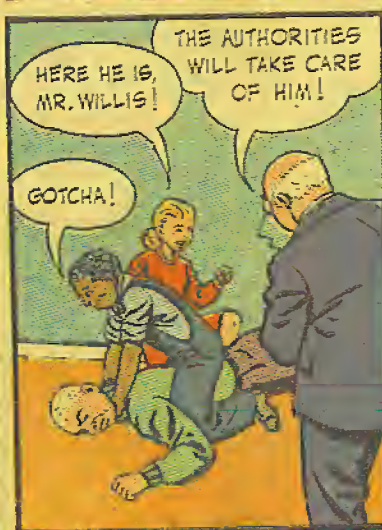


BUY WAR BONDS---THAT'S OUR TIP
TO HELP DEFEAT THE WILY HIP





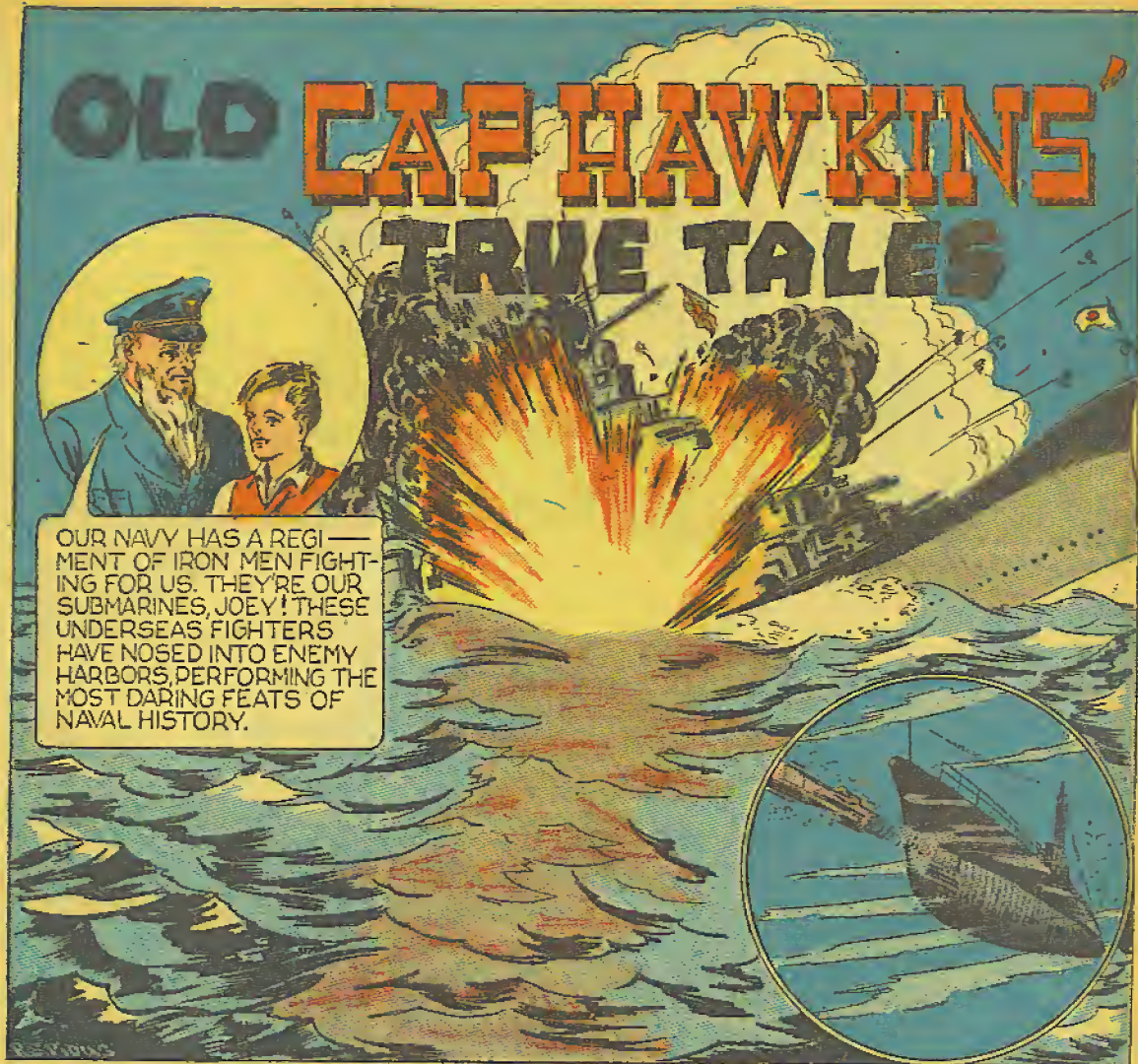




OLD CAP HAWKINS' TRUE TALES



OUR NAVY HAS A REGIMENT OF IRON MEN FIGHTING FOR US. THEY'RE OUR SUBMARINES, JOEY! THESE UNDERSEAS FIGHTERS HAVE NOSED INTO ENEMY HARBORS, PERFORMING THE MOST DARING FEATS OF NAVAL HISTORY.



THE FAMED SUBMARINE "THE FLYING FISH" WAS RAIDING PACIFIC WATERS WHEN....

WE'RE NEARING A JAP BASE, AND TAKE A LOOK AT WHAT I SEE, MEN!



JAP SHIPPING!..... THOSE SHIPS MUST BE LOADED DOWN WITH MUNITIONS. WE'VE GOT TO GET THEM!



Q QUESTION No. 17. When firing a torpedo must a sub's nose be pointed at target?



TAKE HER DOWN!



INSTANTLY, ALL HATCHES WERE CLOSED, AND....

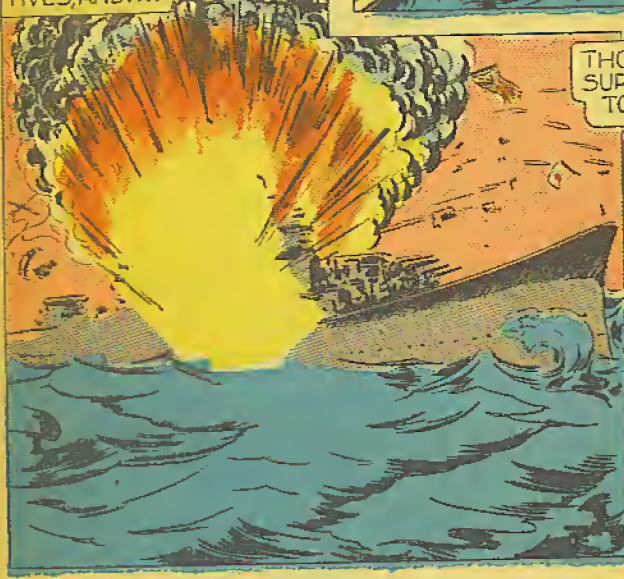


PREPARE TUBES FOR TORPEDO ENTRANCE!

TOJO, HERE WE COME....

BANZAI!

IN A MOMENT TORPEDOS SOED TO THEIR OBJECTIVES, AND....



THOSE JAP SHIPS SURE WENT DOWN TO DAVEY JONES!

OUR NEXT STEP IS....

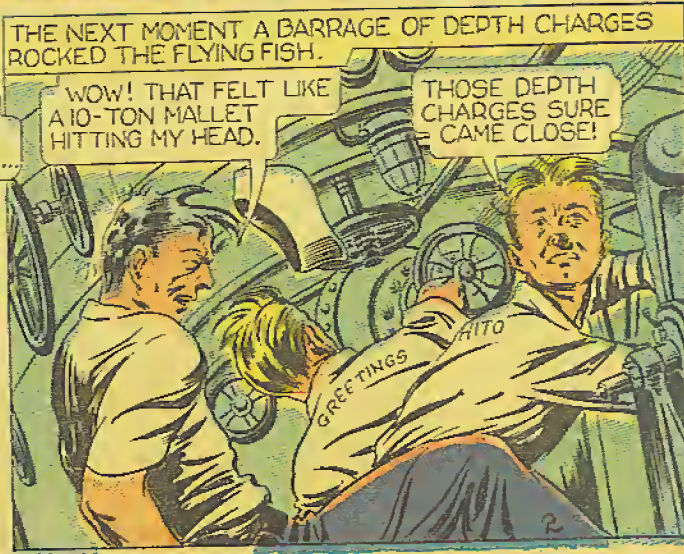


CHIEF, THE RADIO OPERATOR SAYS TO COME AT ONCE!



THE SOUND WAVES SHOW A BIG DESTROYER, ABOUT 500 YARDS AWAY AND COMING CLOSER...

IT MUST BE JAP... SHE'S PICKED UP OUR SOUND....



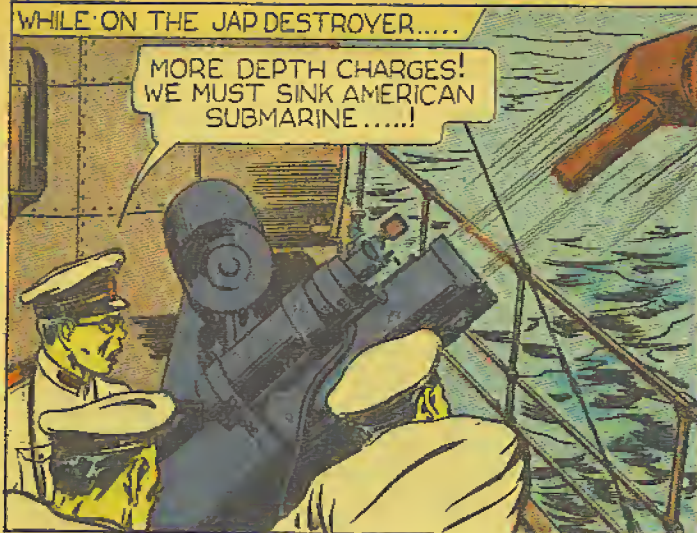
THE NEXT MOMENT A BARRAGE OF DEPTH CHARGES ROCKED THE FLYING FISH.

WOW! THAT FELT LIKE A 10-TON Mallet HITTING MY HEAD.

THOSE DEPTH CHARGES SURE CAME CLOSE!

WHILE ON THE JAP DESTROYER.....

MORE DEPTH CHARGES!
WE MUST SINK AMERICAN
SUBMARINE.....!



MORE AND MORE OF THE
DEADLY MISSILES...!

THE ENGINE ROOM'S
LEAKING BADLY,
COMMANDER! WE
CAN'T TAKE MUCH
MORE DAMAGE!

THERE'S
ONLY ONE
WAY TO
GET OUT
OF THIS..



WE'LL HAVE TO FIRST
MANEUVER OUR WAY OUT
OF THE DESTROYER'S
PATH, IF WE CAN.....IS
THE DESTROYER
AHEAD OF US YET?

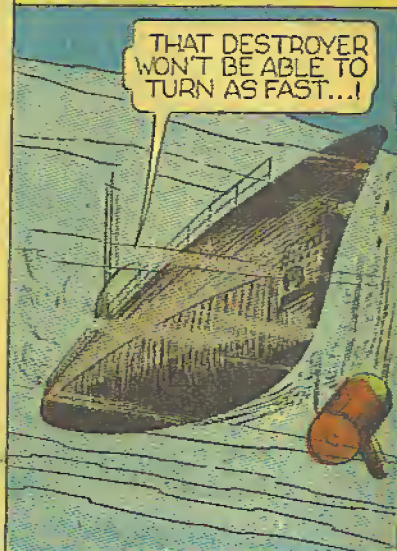
ABOUT
50 YARDS...

STAND BY TO
TURN ABOUT
AND SURFACE!



THE FLYING FISH SWERVED -

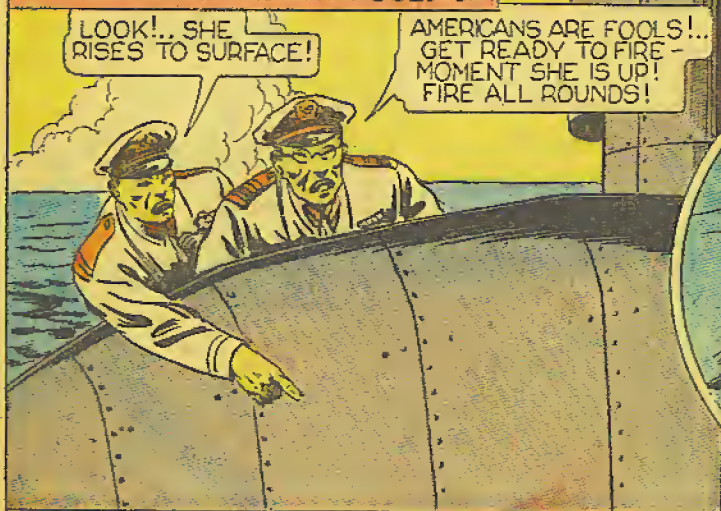
THAT DESTROYER
WON'T BE ABLE TO
TURN AS FAST...!



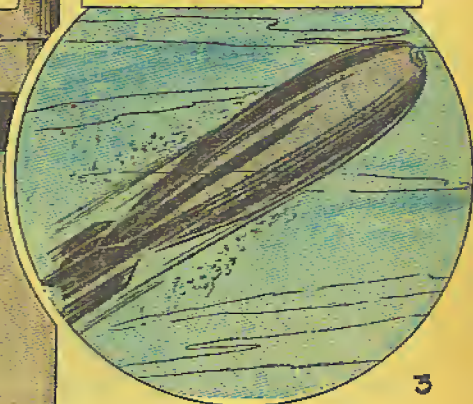
THEN SPEEDILY THE SHIP NOSED UP-

LOOK!... SHE
RISES TO SURFACE!

AMERICANS ARE FOOLS!...
GET READY TO FIRE -
MOMENT SHE IS UP!
FIRE ALL ROUNDS!



BUT AS THE JAPS WERE
FINDING THEIR RANGE...



SURFACING GOT
US AWAY FROM
THE DEPTH
CHARGES. IT
WAS OUR ONLY
CHANCE.

BANZAII!

NOW TO GIVE
THE NIPS A TASTE
OF WHAT INVASION
IS LIKE!
STRAIGHT AHEAD!

THERE'S AN
AMMUNITION DUMP!
START SHELLING!

AND AS THE FLYING FISH NEARLY HUGGED THE SHORE, ITS BIG
GUNS BOOMED!

THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT
HIT THEM!

THOSE SONS
OF HEAVEN
MUST WISH
THEY'D NEVER
BEEN BORN!....
IT'S SOME SIGHT
THROUGH THESE
GLASSES.

AFTER AN HOUR OF
BLASTING THE SHORE,
THE GALLANT FLYING
FISH HEADED FOR
HOME, STILL SINKING
ENEMY SHIPS...BY THE
TIME SHE REACHED
HER BASE.....

WE GOT 11 OF TOJO'S
IMPERIAL NAVY!

HURRAY!
BANZAI!...
TOKYO HERE
WE COME!